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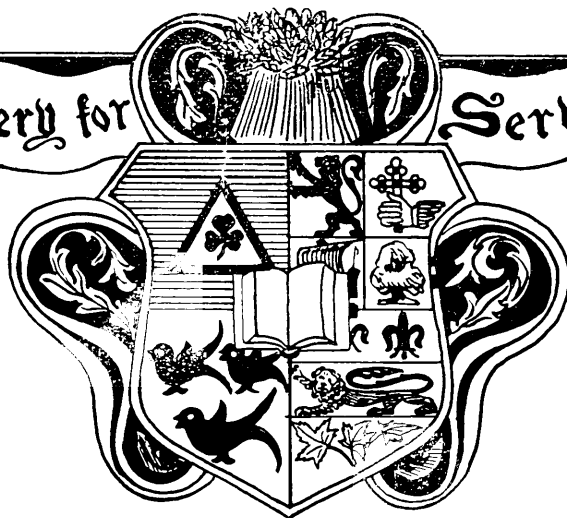
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Mastery for Service.



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No. I

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The Magazine Board

THE MACDONALD COLLEGE MAGAZINE

Mastery For Service
PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS

VOL XVI

OCTOBER - NOVEMBER

No. 1



Another College year is now in full swing. True, we started with a slightly smaller student body than we had last year but what it lacks in numbers is offset by an ample supply of pep and enthusiasm.

All the organizations are off to a flying start, showing promise of an exceptionally successful season.

The freshly-constituted Students' Council is better equipped than its predecessor to disentangle all the tangles in student affairs, through its decreased size and correspondingly increased personal responsibility. The old system was found to be too unwieldy and inefficient, in which every class or organization sent its representative to the central body, to advance the interests of that class or organization. For this reason the plan of having three representatives from each of the three schools, and a President from Agriculture, was adopted. This remodeled Council starts off with best wishes and hearty support, coupled with the fond hope that it will be entrusted with the major problems of student relations, the ineffectual handling of which in the past has caused not only much unpleasantness among the students but also considerable criticism from outside. Under the able leadership of Mr. Stan

Hetherington we look for a body which should soon gain full recognition in any college professing Student Self-Government.

Like the Students' Council, the Literary and Debating Society this year is getting down to a more active working basis. Discarding class representation, which system has in the past been famed for its lack of interest and enthusiasm, the Executive has been reduced to include only the President, two Vice-Presidents, and the Managers of the three main divisions of the Society's activities: Debating, Contests, and the "Players." Still feeling the impetus given by the efficient management of last year's President, Mr. Herbert Angell, the "Lit" is going ahead to, make life at Macdonald brighter, brighter, and BRIGHTER.

The S. C. A. is being transferred from what was, unfortunately, more or less of a joke into active influence on the campus. Not satisfied just to hold one reception and an occasional sing-song, the President Mr. Roy Bell is busy organizing Bible Study groups to help every student find himself through the limitless wealth of consolation and inspiration found in the Sacred Volume.

Despite the comparatively small number of men students registered this year

we may look forward to a successful year from the standpoint of athletics. The annual sports day was a marked success and turning to one particular sport we find a considerable amount of promising material on the rugby team.

FIRE IN THE VILLAGE!

Sunday night, October the eleventh, the town of Ste. Anne de Bellevue was greatly alarmed, but slightly damaged, by the most spectacular bonfire in the memory of most of the spectators, when the Clarendon Hotel, a shell of building-tile and well-seasoned wood, the haunt of many a rounder and the scene of countless happy parties, disappeared in smoke.

Driven by a strong west wind, sparks travelled as far as the east end of the College campus, endangering the whole eastern section of the town and forcing many a harassed householder to spend the rest of the night in hosing his roof when he would have much preferred to have been on the sidelines at the fire.

In spite of the many favorable factors working against it, the local Fire Brigade distinguished itself in that it confined the blaze to the Hotel and a few adjoining sheds.

Once assured of the safety of friends and buildings in the vicinity, the crowd settled down to enjoy the spectacle in a

manner which would have done credit to the most enthusiastic youngster. Advice and 'wise' remarks were the features of the evening and, if the onlooker did not know better than the Fire Department how to control the blaze, he at least covered up his shocking lack of knowledge with outbursts of wit.

To date of writing the cause of the outbreak remains unknown. Some blame the fiery utterances of Mr. Patenaude in a campaign speech a few hours previous, whilst several assert most vehemently that it was all due to the presence of several "flaming youths" who frequent the place. We neither agree nor disagree with anyone but cautiously reserve our own opinion, but we must say that, everything considered, the event was a blazing success.

S. McO. W.

The students of Macdonald College extend their deepest sympathy to Melba Dey on the sad occasion of the death of her mother.

The man who listens to Reason is lost: Reason enslaves all whose minds are not strong enough to master her.

— Bernard SHAW.



Told In Cote St. Luke Cafe

By Louis de Belle

Of course, its real name is not the Cote St. Luke Cafe. Two decades ago it was the Cafe Rouge. When Pierre Legault bought it from Temoins he painted this legend over his door: "Legault's Quick Lunch Counter." Finally Camil, its present proprietor, leased the property, and for want of imagination or to annoy Legault who had "soaked" him, he called it the Cote St. Luke Cafe.

During the long winter's evenings, when gales are trying to establish new records and sub-zero weather is kissing the lower flats of Cote des Neiges, life-members of this restaurant on the Cote Road foregather at Club headquarters.

It is not a pretentious place. There are no leather lounges to sleep in. No dainty card tables placed at thoughtful angles. No magazines or newsprint to read. Not even a solitary billiard table. As a matter of fact, Emile has usually to sit on a soap-box, because Emile is sickly and small and the others, although quite without thought of malice, are always taking advantage of it.

If you should ever chance to drop in at the Club and perceive a care-worn, ex-Klondiker of seventy-five seated on a mundane soap-box, that is Emile. While Prud'homme, greasy and affable, has a three-legged affair which, by a combination of **dexterity and gymnastics** he can keep in an upright position.

The spittoon is seldom in a strategical place. You have to manoeuvre your chair, your neck, your patience, and even then accidents have been known to occur. During their eternal checker-bouts, where the man who thinks longest invariably wins, Catafiore is forever saying:

"Hey, Joe, shove 'im over a liddle

piece." Catafiore calls every one Joe. "It ud be bedder I b'live."

This trick of misplacement applies to everything in and about the place. Indeed, it can almost be said to be its characteristic feature. The Quebec heater is too near the door. The counter is placed in the coziest corner where the chair ought to be. The brands of tobacco and chew plug are all of them antiquated. Everything has an old-time flavor.

The prevailing odors, besides, are not always likeable. But the atmosphere is always redolent with a storied past — tales of the Klondike and of Dawson City when men, maddened by insensate greed, were killed by poker or whiskey blanc.

They are mainly a habitant crowd, possessing all the dominant features of the true French-Canadian — Canada's most loyal patriot. Men imbued with a love of their land and their province. And better still, with faith in it that is simple as a child's.

They have grown up with the country, these men, have travelled it, learned it, loved it, and their knowledge of facts is encyclopaedic.

The other night I dropped on and lit a cigarette.

"Can any one tell me," I asked casually; "Who is this George W?"

Placide volunteered.

"Yes—you bet! I know great many thing, me, 'bout dat boy. I am friend to George evair since he is small."

And, aside from vernacular, here is the gist.

* * *

He hailed from the Maritime Provin-

ces, where his people had resided for two generations. He was not exceptionally bright or scholastic, but could define application in terms of his own personality. His sole patrimony was the wish to succeed, the age-old desire to tickle the little tin gods.

In the beginning he belonged to a gang. Had a girl, a reputation, and a pocket-book. Wore "go and be da—to you." collars and "come back again to me" ties.

He acted like other people because he was an ordinary person. Patronized picture-shows, games, skating parties and poker bouts. But, he always evinced a marked tendency for finance.

How much a production had netted a producer, where John D. Rockefeller made his millions, how to corner the market; were to George W. what jazz and cigarettes and whiskey are to you and me.

His disposition was a carefree and open one. His physique a pattern for cultural ads. With a pleasant, fresh looking face that attracted the attention of girls on the car.

One evening when George W. was returning home from a card party a sudden thought struck him. This was a funny thing for a thought to do when George W. was in question. The general things that perturbed his serenity were externals in women, or a sporting announcement. However, on this occasion, the jar was genuine. George sat down on a door-step to ponder it, and as the hour was two-thirty in the morning nobody was likely to notice him, or noticing, to interfere.

He watched the snow falling softly, silently, forming a delightful tracery in the trees. He watched the moon in a star-lit sky.

Who hasn't experienced such moments? Is the handful of pleasure that a fiver can buy worth it? What, after all, is the use of our opportunities if we don't make

the most of them? Why waste youth and vitality playing the fool?

"By Golly!" he explained, in the voice of one who awakes from a dream, "if I go on like this, I'll die without a cent to my name."

Then he got up and went home.

Date from that night a period of continued migrations. They had their origin in a shabby rooming house about which the odor of Irish stew or fried onions hung like a dog in a butcher's shop; and their end in a palatial ten-room apartment suite where you tendered a sketch of your antecedents for the privilege of paying two hundred and fifty dollars in rent.

Only once, at the very beginning did there seem signs of a break. When Lizzie returned for the summer vacation and sported a pretty neck in a house where everything was mundane and drab.

Lizzie was the landlady's daughter. She was eighteen and a blonde. When girls dress their hair tastefully, even the plainest, men are apt to make fools of themselves, even the wisest. But, after all, it came to nothing for Lizzie grew fat and tubercular.

Following that Lizzie sank to drab every day monotony and no further interruptions ever came to mar its even tenor. The years parked in a siding while George kept company with animals called Bears and Bulls. He was not happy, but, then, he had never time to be unhappy. For he looked at the world objectively through the colored glasses of commerce and found it a poor investment.

One day when his banking account had topped the six figure total, George W. got an invitation to a benefit ball. It was a big society affair and for business reasons he decided to be present.

Incidentally there was another factor that decided him; he had heard that Nellie was going. She had been one of the gang in the old days,—very old days now.

He remembered the Nellie reflex perfectly; pretty, smart, blue-eyed and dainty. This bachelor life was fine, commercially, but practically rather a lonesome affair. Yes, he would pick up with her again.

After a long and careful toilet George W. looked in the glass to gauge the success of his make-up and was astounded to perceive the lined, careworn face of an old man.

"Good God!" he cried piteously, "Where is my youth?"

* * *

In the smoke-laden atmosphere Placid's quaint English clipped the silence.

"As my fader is say, de man wot is

quit house an' lan' an' piple for mak' de dollair, dat man is some crazy fool—you bet.

"For why I liv' dis countree, me? Fo' why I stop many year in nodder plac', stranje citee? I tell you. Fo' mak' de dollair fas' fas'."

"But I don't do long, no sir. I bin gone mos' four, five year mebbe. I see vair many fine ting, moch monie and moch Yankee man who is spik all de time de ting wot do de Yankee piple; mais I nevair see noddings whateffer jus' de sam' nice lak' home wot ees dis olde Province de Kibec."

Louis de Belle.

"A Story Without A Name"

By B. G. Montserin

This tale which I am about to relate is no farce, but an actual happening, though I almost blush to acknowledge it. Some of us repeatedly violate the laws of God and are ever postponing the idea of preparation for a peaceful return to the Maker, until we are brought face to face with imminent death.

To this category do I belong, and even if I did not formerly acknowledge the fact, I am forced to do so now as a result of what recently befell me. Thank Heaven! I am alive to tell the story.

I was travelling, it would appear, over sea, and had occasion to repair to my cabin. No sooner had I entered than some indescribable din — a fearful dull noise, awe inspiring, accompanied by a most violent shake, brought to my mind the horrors of accident. I was thrust

on the floor, pinioned there by some unmoveable obstacle, covered where no man's eye could reach and hence without any hope whatever of escaping an untimely end.

In this unhappy predicament did I find myself; struggling to escape was of no avail, so I instantly determined to make peace with my Maker.—I feared the everlasting torments of a burning hell—and with the utmost devotion I implored Heaven to forgive me my past sins, made a most solemn act of contrition and waited with bated breath for the end, thinking only of Godly things. I waited for what appeared to me to be many minutes before I attempted once more with full vigour to escape from my close prison.

My second attempt bore more fruit,

and I was liberated. What darkness! I could not see my hands; I reached for the switch which operated the lights, but alas, the current was off. A moment's pause and reflection revealed that I had been dreaming. My eyes were becoming more and more accustomed to the subdued light and I suddenly realised that the accident was not on board ship, but at Macdonald College, my destination.

I rushed to the door and gazed hurriedly up and down the corridor. Near the northern end, about twenty yards from where I stood, was a group of fellow-students. Did they perceive the danger? Were they likewise aroused from their slumber in a fright? Could they divine the cause of the disturbance? There, questions volleyed themselves on my unsettled mind, curiosity invaded my otherwise careless nature, and I began to query from the distance — "Say there, what has happened?" (No answer). "What's the cause of that noise?" (No answer). I wondered whether they heard me, perhaps they were as much terror stricken as I was. They heeded not my quavering questions, so I ventured nearer and joined the group, which was now peering down the staircase from the banisters above.

Further enquiring, I received no other answer than the smiles of a score of countenances, which I knew were meant to jeer me in my despicable condition. Were they any better off than I? Some, I take it, were — as a matter of fact; others, as I learned afterwards, sailed in the same boat as myself. I ventured no more queries but waited in silence to see whether I could learn for myself what had occurred. The suspense was irksome, but I had not very long to wait. "Br-r-a-a-ng," another report I heard, similar to that which had petrified me but a few minutes ago. Then immediately fol-

lowed a peal of diabolical laughter from the group on the second floor, answered by the group of which I now formed one." "That's another gone" grinned one of the fellows, and for the first time it dawned on me that the cause of all my fear, the cause of my hypocrisy, of my being an object of laughter, when, with all my heart and soul I had made those enquiries — nay more, the cause of that weird peal of laughter, had its origin in a practical joke which was being played on all new comers.

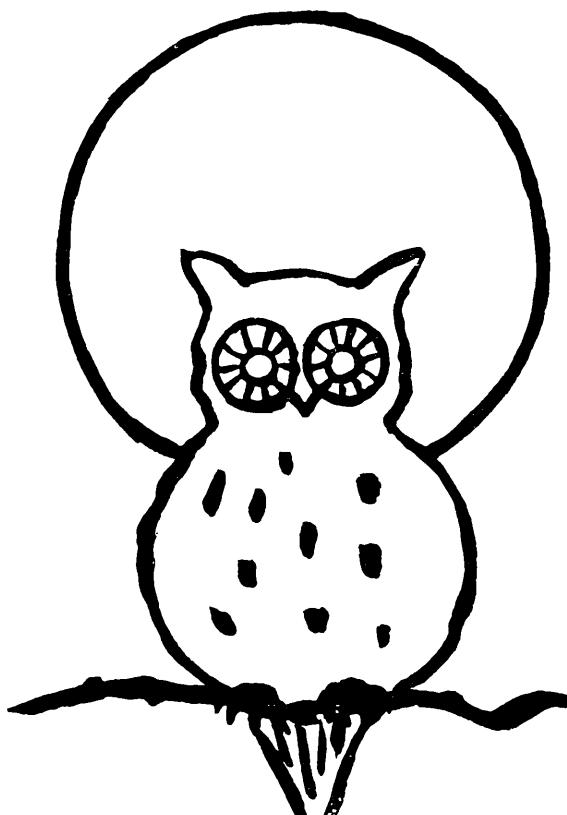
I now returned to my room, where I noticed for the first time in what state of disorder it had been thrown. My bed was overturned, the mattress, pillows, sheets, blankets and quilts lay "en masse" on the floor. This was the debris from which I had arisen in a state of semi-stupor. The insurmountable obstacles which had pinioned me were none other than my blankets and pillows, lying jammed between myself and the wall.

After restoring some semblance of order, I looked at my watch — only to find what I had all along mistaken for early dawn was not yet midnight. I then carefully locked the door, which had hitherto been open and returned to bed, where I slept the sleep of the just.

Next morning I learned how the feat, for so it was, had been performed, and this I purpose to relate for the benefit of those who still hold this a mystery of the Twentieth Century. The door was silently opened and a conspirator entered, who, with both hands, suddenly raised one side of the bed — throwing it on its other side and thereby emptying the contents on the floor. The mattress slides to the floor with its sleeper, and the blankets and pillows cover him up.

The shock, the sensation and the thundering noise are enough to terrify the

stoutest heart, so why should I be ashamed to relate this humorous, though true, story about my first night as a dweller in Macdonald College's Men's Residence?



ENDEAVOR

One night I stopped and I pondered
On the where, the how, and the why,
And soon my thoughts had wandered
To a region beyond the sky.

A place of glory and triumph
Achievement for those who tried,
No matter how futile their efforts
In this land before they died.

Died, did I say? Well, passed over,
For only the body can die
A soul that lives on forever
Is born in the man who will try.

And so, if your pathway is rough
And success seems to pass you by,
Just call this old world at his bluff,
Throw your head back, laugh, and then
try.

—W. B. H.

London

By V. Dawson

London! the city of cities and port of ports. The vast and seething metropolis where thousands, aye, and millions of human beings toil, sweat and fight to eke out an existence. Dearest of all cities! When shall I tread thy familiar streets again?

To the weary and voyage-tired sailor, the very name of London at once suggests a haven and respite from the searching winds of God's open seas. Many and joyous are the sighs and exclamations when the dripping hawsers are heaved-in and the good ship clears away from her last port of call, "bound down for London." Somehow or other, the crew always seem to work better when the trip is nearly over and it is only a matter of days when their ship will be sliding slowly past the piers and wharves of Gravesend, Greenwich and Woolwich up to one of the innumerable docks in the pool of London.

And what an electric atmosphere pervades everybody and everything when at last the long awaited docking-day arrives! Commands are obeyed with a zest and alacrity unthought of and shipmates who have been enemies all the voyage, perhaps even then sore from the blows of each other's fists, become quite congenial companions under the soothing influence of Father Thames' mystic vapours. The men stand around the lower-decks in little clusters, hailing with delight each familiar landmark as it appears. What half-remembered recollections of past-enjoyed "good times" are raked up out of the ashes of long ago by some of the old salts! These, falling on the open ears of the wide-eyed first-trippers, cause them to gasp in a hero-worshipping admiration. They, too, it is

clearly indicated by their swaggering roll, will henceforth have their good times, and any scraps of information which will help them to find the means whereof are diligently gleaned. After one of these little deck-discussions, I once heard two young deck-boys trying to memorise the names and addresses of three of the toughest holes in Limehouse, and there surely are some tough ones there. The average so called "rough houses" of most cities would stand out almost as temples of purity in the worst parts of Limehouse. Even our slant-eyed Chinese steward belies the imperturbability of his race by going about his work with an ear to ear grin on his usually impassive face. The only reason our bantering remarks could draw out of him to explain this unusual levity was "Me like Lon-don." So did we all; quite an excellent reason!

The port of London is the longest in the world and the stranger may well ponder and puzzle over the complexity of its docks before he becomes familiar with their lay out. Such names as the Royal Albert, Millwall, Surrey Commercial and Custom House Docks mean but little to your average man, but they are fraught with significant possibilities to rough, good-hearted Merchant Jack. Each individual has his favourite tying up spot, mostly depending on the number of public-houses in the vicinity, and it is quite amusing to hear two old shell-backs, whose tastes happen to differ, vying with each other to wax most eloquent in the praise of each his own favorite district,

And you, old Father Thames, with some little Chiltern streamlet as your source, did you ever dream that one day your broad, oily bosom would carry the

shipping of the world? And past what historic places do you flow! First the open country of south England, past the famous public school of Eton and universities of Oxford, ever eastward, by Windsor Castle to Hammersmith, where your unstained waters are first polluted. From there on you lose your pristine beauty, and by the time you have passed the Embankment and reached the Tower Bridge, you have forgotten that your muddy waters were ever clear. It was ever thus in this commercial world of ours! Beauty and freshness are reaped by the greedy scythe of industrialism and immediately they are replaced by squalor and filth.

You can indeed tell some strange stories to those who understand your gentle murmurings. Perchance you still remember the encampment of Caesar's conquering legions on thy low, marshy banks, and to how many hapless wretches have your dark waters given a repose from the turmoil of life? What tales of midnight piracy, raids and fights to the death can you recount with permissible pride for those stout wardens of your honour, the river police. Oh, mighty, silent, changeless Thames! Do you ever think of these things? By your lonely brooding it seems you must.

ENTHUSIASM

Enthusiasm is what happens to a man or woman when struggling, apparently in vain, with some practically impossible theory and suddenly, becoming very interested, finds his whole being welded into the undertaking.

Enthusiasm is a condition we force ourselves into. That is, a condition created when we put our whole heart, head, and determination into what we are doing.

Enthusiasm is the spark that spurs the professor, that instructs the teacher, teaches the child and makes the world. Enthusiasm is what makes a fellow "get there;" once "got" you can't stop the fellow who has it. Enthusiasm goes through fire and smoke, changes maps and makes history.

You at your notes, at your desk, at your pen, at your plow, at your broom— whoever you are—get Enthusiasm, for it starts things, shapes things, does things.

—Charlotte Forster

1995

Oh, the manners! Oh, the times,
 Oh, the nameless, shameless crimes!
 Oh, the dances—oh, the dress—
 Oh, the wanton wickedness!
 Oh, the morals of the nation—
 Oh, the younger generation!
 It would make a body blue,
 Whatever are we coming to?
 Goodness gracious sakes alive,
 Now its nineteen-ninety five,
 Life ain't what it used be,
 Back in dear old twenty-three!
 —Frances Lamb.

Liza—"Does yo' allow yo' husban' to shoot craps?"

Lulu—"Not in my official capacity as wife and de mother of his chillun, Ah desn't, but as a sharer of his joys and sorrows, Ah 'courage him when his luck am runnin' right."

Small girl (putting a pillow case on a pillow) "Look mummy, I can thread my pillow."

The Ideal Husband

Have you ever thought of what an ideal husband ought to be? A smile crosses the face of everyone of you, a smile that has a different significance, according to your sex.

What are the virtues and qualities a man should have, that would change him from the ordinary man of the world and make him the adorable being all women dream of, that household treasure they all wish to have?

Of course when the average man thinks of the duties of a husband, he does not include the services of a lady's maid among them. It never even occurs to him that upon his business as lawyer or doctor or merchant, he must superimpose the art of the fashioner, and acquire the expert eye for style, in cloak and suit.

Remember that these attributes belong to the ideal husband and make the kind of a mate that the lucky possessor is proud of.

In feminine circles the worst words of disillusionment a woman can say are: "My husband never notices how I am dressed nor how my hat fits me, and when I ask him how I look, all he says is: "All-right, I guess. How much does it cost?"

On the other hand, the woman who says: "My husband always wants me to wear this black satin dress and have my hair combed this way," is regarded enviously by her friends. I imagine that a woman does not expect her husband to be around her all the time, telling her all about the slight defects in her toilet and the corrections she ought to make. On the contrary there is not a woman on earth who would not appreciate her husband saying: "I love you so much in that blue dress and your long black hair made up that way," and so on. There are so many other small things that could

be mentioned a woman, especially a young one, is so particular about.

Perhaps, the reason why many marriages are so unhappy is that men and women look at the duties towards one another from a different point of view. Too many men think that so long as they give their wife a good home and refrain from beating her, they have accomplished their full duty towards her, and so enjoy the rewards of a clear conscience. There are more points that are absolutely necessary to lead to a happy and cheerful life. It is your duty to be helpful, polite and affectionate to the one you have chosen to be your companion. It is your duty to provide her with all kinds of amusements. Here I may say, that if a man gives himself the satisfaction of smoking or going to the club or elsewhere, he should allow his wife pastimes equivalent to his — if not the same ones. He has no more right to more amusements than she has.

Do you remember all the boxes of candies she used to receive before you were married? — Are you still buying them for her? Do you remember the nice flowers you used to send her so often particularly on her birthday? Have you altogether forgotten those days?

A woman's ideals of a perfect husband is someone who will be her guide, her very best friend and safeguard. She wants him to be wiser than she is and to show her the way through life. She wants him to be tender; his love to envelop her like the tenderness of God. She wants him to be able to understand all her troubles; to sympathize with her, to console her. She wants a man on whose shoulder she can weep and cry and empty all the pains of her heart. Let us say it: She wants a man who on such occasions will take

her in his arms and give her the kiss **that** would comfort her.

His conduct should be a real example **to** all those around him. He should pay **attention** to her and to all her doings. He **should** appreciate the soup she has **prepared**, the meats, the deserts or any hors-d'oeuvres. He should thank her for **making** that mince pie when she has baked **that** favourite pie of his. She does not **like** him to take everything for granted. **She** loves a man who will notice when she looks tired and pale, or fresh and well, **but** she will adore the one who will tell **her**—often—that she is becoming prettier **all** the time.

An ideal husband will have words of **thanks** for his wife when she has sewn **buttons** on his clothes, pressed his pants, **ironed** his shirts or darned his socks. He **will** help her to do her washing, if she has to do so, when he is able to, instead of going out hunting or fishing. If she has no hep, he will aid her with the **dishes**.

A conversation is always more interesting, when it is done by two persons. **So** he will try to be as interesting a companion to his wife as he possibly can. He **does** not expect her to make all the conversation and monologue the whole evening, while he merely grunts from time to time to show that he is still listening. He is willing to go at least fifty-fifty with **her** in providing all sorts of amusements **for** a pleasant and interesting evening **at** home. He is interested to discuss the **length** and width of skirts, and whether **sleeves** are going to be tight, short or **not** at all, or whether women should wear **shoes** with high or low heels.

He plays with the children and always treats them nicely. He smiles to them all, being careful however not to favor one more than another. He is glad to relieve the mother from her heavy daily work and to help her make the children obedient.

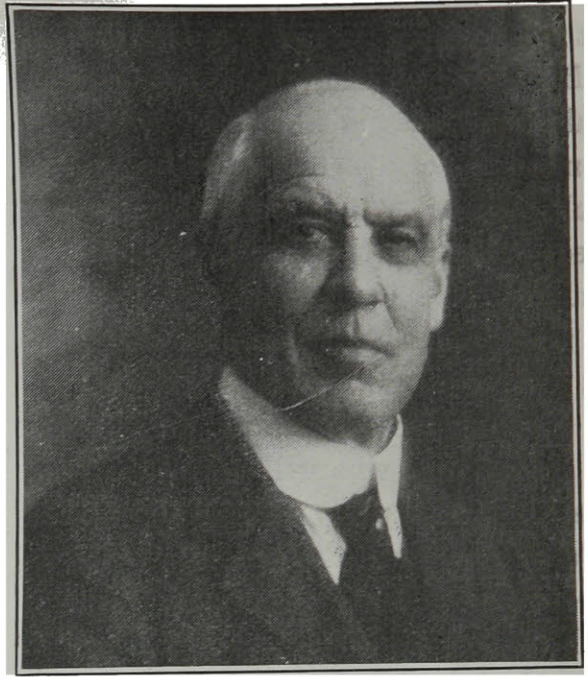
He will keep himself attractive looking at all times. Unfortunately too many men think that marriage permits them to forswear the barber. Do you think your wife would like to lay her face against yours when your cheeks are just like a hair brush? Do you suppose she would ever pine for a kiss that tastes like an old pipe?

If you want to see your wife on her knees thanking God for giving her so good a man, do your best every day to make her as happy as possible.

A man's idea of the ideal husband is one who is a good provider. A woman's idea of the ideal husband is the perfect lover. She wants his love always to be warm and affectionate with never a chill to change it. We do not always find the ability to be a perfect lover and provider in the same man — hence divorce is so common nowadays.

The most important thing in the world to a man is to keep his wife in love with him. For your wife to remain in love with you insures your happiness, because she will always be doing her best to please you. She will then be happy and contented herself; and a happy and contented wife makes a peaceful and cheerful home — the aim of both husband and wife.





Professor Lochhead Retires

Macdonald College is still so young an institution that the superannuation of one of its Professors is an event almost without precedent—indeed, quite without precedent in the School of Agriculture. Merely on this account a special item about Professor William Lochhead's retirement would be in order. How much more so in view of his personality, his achievements and his association with the College from its beginning.

The College opened in November 1907, but Professor Lochhead came to Ste. Annes in the summer of 1905, accompanied by Professor Klinck, now President of the University of British Columbia. In the fall of that year, at the request of President Creelman, who had found it impossible to fill the chair he had left in the Ontario Agriculture College, he returned to Guelph for the winter. At the close of that session he came permanently to Ste. Annes to assist Dr. Robertson in the planning and construction of the buildings. He likes to

look back on the varied activities of those days, extending from checking laboratory plans and specifications to bossing a gang of Italian navvies.

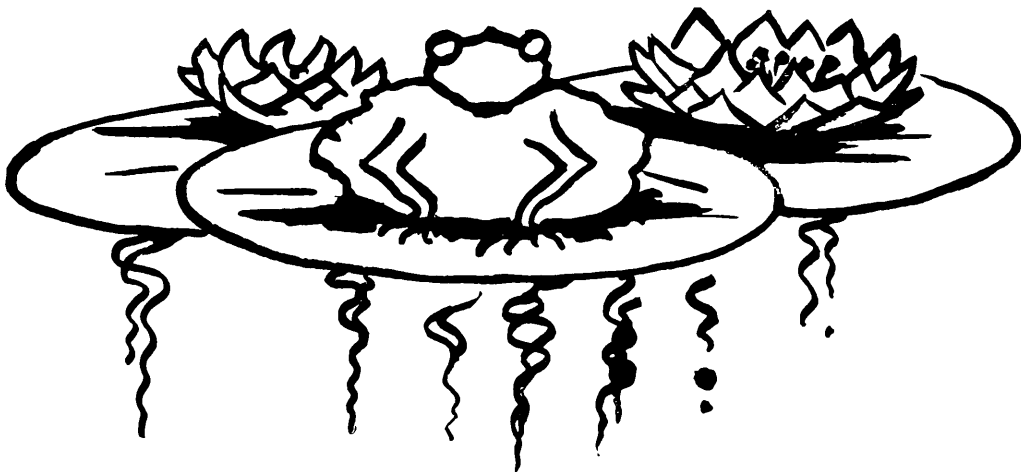
Professor Lochhead's teaching services in Macdonald College cover a period of eighteen years—from the opening of the College to the close of last session. From 1905 to 1921, his title was Professor of Biology. In 1921, on Dr. Dickson's appointment as Professor of Botany, it was altered to Professor of Entomology and Zoology. When in 1908, Dr. Robertson was asked by the Quebec Minister of Agriculture to recommend one of the staff to serve as Editor of the Journal of Agriculture and Horticulture, and in turn asked the College staff to make a nomination, Professor Lochhead was the unanimous choice. He continued to edit this journal until 1920. When the Faculty of Agriculture had to elect a representative in the McGill Corporation, he was again its choice, and at the expiration of each term of three years he has been re-elect-

ed. In 1908 he organized the Quebec Society for the Protection of Plants, of which organization he has been perpetual President from then until now. He has always taken an active interest in the Quebec Pomological and Fruit Growing Society and in the Ontario Entomological Society, and has been a frequent contributor to their proceedings. He holds membership also in the Ottawa Field Naturalists' Club, the Association of Economic Entomologists, and the Canadian Society of Technical Agriculturists, and is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

During his Macdonald Professoriate he has made two journeys to England and Scotland, one in the summer of 1910, the other in the winter of 1923-24, when

at the instance of the Canadian Pacific Railway he went to present to the boys of the British Public Schools the prospects of Canadian agriculture as a career.

The Lochhead home has been noted for its hospitality to both staff and students and Mrs. Lochhead for the youthful spirit in which she has entered into the social activities of College life. Professor Lochhead's relations to his pupils have always been cordial and sympathetic, but his attitude has at the same time been one of firmness in relation to both work and conduct. His geniality and humor have endeared him to all, and regret at the necessity of his retirement at this time is universal.—J. F. S.



ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COLLEGE DINING ROOM

Men Teachers '26

The whistle blows the knell of parting day,
The hungry Aggs. wind through the corridor,
The girls pull down their blinds and fade away;
And leave the boys to sigh, and see no more.

Now stands each starving Post. Grad. by his chair,
And eyes the bobbed-hair maids with mouths agape;
Until Miss Russell signals evening prayer,
And each squats down and fills his hollow shape.

Now fades the dinner from each Dresden? plate,
And all the Macs. a solemn stillness hold;
Save for the Science Junior's tête-à-tête,
And freshmen choking on their dinner roll.

Save that from yonder Intermediate table,
There comes a sound of laughter and of soup.
Where every chicken says: "I am a fable;
At least, I never saw a chicken coup."

Some village Leghorn, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
We get, when he is laid at last to rest;
And dietitians christen him a food.

Beneath those rugged cuts of roasted beef,
Where heaves the hides in many a mouldering mass;
Each fainting Teacher scents her coming grief,
And wonders if she's at the "nature" class.

Full many a dish of purest soup serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of kitchen bear,
Full many a pudding is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness in the teacher's lair.

Far from the maddening crowd's ignoble paws,
These sober courses always love to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd corridors,
Where Staff professors eat, and steal away.

The plate of porridge, the dish of chowder;
 And all that gravy, all that eggs e'er gave,
 Say plainly, with the tins of Seidlitz powder:
 That indigestion leads us to the grave.

EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Women and to Dance unknown;
 Fair Science fawned not on his humble girth,
 And Diabetes marked him for her own.

"Doug"

By Louis de Belle, T'26.

How he came to be called "Doug" no one ever knew. It was an enigma and one which in early childhood had puzzled him a good deal, for it seemed rather incongruous that two rosy cheeks and a pair of blue eyes should receive an epithet so unpretentious. In garrulous babyhood "Doug" had imagined that Bunce had the key of his cupboard, that is to say, the solution of this enigma, for Bunce in the eyes of her little nephew, seemed very old and wise. But Bunce proved adamant, and when "Doug" had decided that his Aunt was a "broe" the incident closed, leaving the why of the sobriquet as vague as ever.

"Doug" was born on a bleak December dawn, into a tinsel world of hoar frost and a sky pregnant with January snows. He had not selected this season wittingly of course, for the proximity of Christmas was detrimental from a commercial point of view. Besides it was cold. But the Stork Delivery was behind schedule due to repairs on the Milky Way. When its parcel expostulated it became rude, stated emphatically "it

didn't give a continental," and shipped him collect. However, reserves entail compensation. On his fifth anniversary "Doug" who was not an iconoclast, registered joy, because of a new and interesting factor that appeared on his limited horizon; a factor destined to play an important part in many a childish escapade.

It was late, so late in fact that he had almost ceased hoping and, unawed by the penalty of weeping a year, two big tears might have been observed coursing down two very dirty cheeks. But, notwithstanding his absence, Mr. Paine had not forgotten "Doug's" birthday, no more than he had forgotten the penalty of returning empty-handed on such an occasion.

"Now what does my little man want?" had been his sole query on parting. The breakfast suggestion of a train or a "gee-gee" had gotten cold negatives off an eggy source.

"Dougie," his offspring had boldly declared, "want a weal alive bow-wow, 'at barks — and oh Dougie want!" waved juvenile hands.

"A bow-wow, 'at barks?" pondered his father, "that means a puppy of course."

So while he left town, tired, and a full hour later than usual, he was seen, I am told, to enter a certain store where a man in return for some ten dollar bills, deposited in a pocket a handfull of fluff, that moved, and emitted yaps. This handful became Pinto.

It was "Doug" who added the puppy.

"'At's the cwistian name," he explained when questioned on the matter. "Dougie's dot one an' why shouldn't Pinty?"

And the Puppy was adopted forthwith.

The fear that children evince for the dark is one of the curious attributes of childhood. In "Doug" it manifested itself in divers fashions. He would beg to be put "peepy bye" merely for the protection a presence assured, which was rather hypocritical of him, to say the least. He had strange fears, too, of "things" ambushed under his cot, and could never be persuaded to leave it at night until fully satisfied that these suspicions were void. What weird little fancies beset his brain I cannot say. Questioning only elicited a whimsical attitude, a nodding head, and something to the effect that "it" might "gobble his tosies." "It" was "ewer so big wis beady eyes, an' oh fwire tuming out of its mouth!" Which certainly did not enunciate "it" in the least. But, had I to hazard a guess, and place "it" at somebody's door, I should tell you that down in "Doug's youthful soul lurked the fear of a bogie-man.

At this period "Dougie's" ego manifested itself in a fashion typical of small boys — forts and mud-pies. Big or little, square or oblong, it was all one to "Doug" provided the mud was decidedly muddy and a plentiful portion bespattered his clothes. For such tendencies he was duly whipped, I am sorry to

say, not unmercifully, but frequently, which rather augmented than abated his ardor. "Stolen waters are proverbially sweet" writes Stevenson on quoting, and since the phrase is apt I apply it. For, to this rule. "Doug" proved not an exception. He was undoubtedly of the "earth earthy" and so long as his rompers were tolerably clean he considered his person " 'a wight."

Here, however, he erred; as very little and some big boys are apt to. It wasn't the mud, as a matter of fact, that troubled Mrs. Paine. She knew — as indeed all mothers do — that a small boy must play somewhere and with something. But the companions her truant saw fit to select would have have tried the patience of a very saintly saint.

"Now, 'Doug,'! I'm surprised at you I am," was an admonition of hourly occurrence, which shows you just how wicked he was. It fell upon stony ground too, mainly because it was addressed to a man of parts. His viewpoint was founded on that delightful adage: "As we journey through Life, let us live by the way."

One day while putting this into practice he met "my Fwossie," an ugly, tall-haired child, whose clothes were delightfully innocent of the tub and whose face was reminiscent of weeks of dirt. These meetings, which became rather frequent, coupled to a habit of repeating at home banalities garnered abroad, was rather embarrassing. They once so startled an old lady dining at the Paines' that she never returned again. Not, of course, that "Doug" troubled himself over old ladies, their whims, or failures to return, but then, he was rated soundly and put in a cupboard whose "passe-partout" smacked of a promise: never to do it again.

That didn't please "Doug." He determined to sit and sulk and be "ewer so

naughty" rather than countenance such ignominy, till the shadows of evening stealing on the land darkened the cupboard, and alarmed him, so he capitulated for his "mumma's tisses," and a bowl of bread and milk. Alas for youth's inconsistency! Two days later you might have met him as usual running home rosy-cheeked to present two grubby little hands for inspection with an "I don't care if mumma spansks "Dougie" 'cause Dougie's been a vesy bad boy." But "Mumma" was morally incapable of such barbarity, on account of a something that seemed always to lurk in the depths of those wistful, blue eyes. Instead she would cry sadly.

"Why, Doug, you're getting quite a man, soon you'll be my Dougie no more."

And little rosy-cheeked "Doug" would hug her close and whisper: "Don't be thilly mums, I'se not gwowed up yet."

* * *

The Camp, the country home of the Back and Ottawa Rivers; fully two miles beyond the nearest village, St. Andrews, and sixty from Montreal. If you travel by boat this distance occupies six hours through locks, canals and by monasteries, not the least of which is the great one at Oka, where the Trappist Monks make their cheese. Needless to say Dougie preferred the river route. He loved watching the painted funnels vomit those fumes which, rising slowly in the wake of the vessel, vanish mysteriously into nothingness or, marvelling at the wash the paddles churned, the passing barges, or an ocean liner in-bound for Montreal. Whenever a steamer chanced to touch new, and no less wonderful things, delighted his eyes, piers and jetties and wharves, but; and more than all else, he liked hearing the waves caress the land with their velvety lap, singing — it seemed — an old world ditty, voiced in his babyhood and marvelling at the two metallic things that went up, and down,

in the centre of the boat saying, "thug, thug, thug," hour, by hour, asking why they never tired like him. At which an old gentleman laughed and his mother weary of his childish conjectures cried "hush!"

"Why must I hush, Mums?" he asked. " 'Cause that fat man laughs at me?"

Whereupon "that fat man" came forward, and explained why the things that went "thug, thug, thug" were essential to the movement of the ship. Incidentally he explained several other things and "Doug," rejoiced to find a source of enlightenment, tormented his captor for over two hours, with such perplexing little "why's" and "wherefore's" that I can assure you the "source" blessed the things that went "thug" from the very bottom of his heart.

Why contrivances imbued with the faculty of motion enslaves the mind of youth I cannot explain but certain it was, "Doug" loved them with a passionate love. It was bred in his being this yearning for motion and dated from the date of his birth. All species listed alike, trains, wagons, boats, balloons, anything provided it "went," but could precedence be ceded a particular branch this precedence tended to boats. So, one fine summer's day, when chance, or some careless individual, left the canoe at the jetty, unmoored, unwatched, unlocked, was it strange if his astute mind perceiving an opportunity not likely to recur, rose nobly to the occasion.

"Tum on Pinty!" he coaxed. "Tum on." And with Dougie as Captain and Pinto as crew, they fared forth upon the deep.

The afternoon was far spent and a gentle breeze rippled the surface of the stream which, following hard upon the day's oppressive heat foreboded a summer squall—liable to be sharp if of short duration. This miniature gale taking the

canoe broadside, canted it, and, aided by the current, carried its occupants straight towards Press Keel, a small wooded island in the Ottawa. Its name, strangely enough, is derived from the French "presqu'île," peninsula, but while it may once have formed part of the main land, it is now washed on every side by the waters of both streams. The distance which separates this island from the Camp is barely two hundred yards; consequently, the transit occupied so brief a time that "Doug" dreaming at the bottom of his boat and feeling all the pride that a sailor feels "rocked in the cradle of the deep" fancied himself yet in mid-channel when the canoe, floating calmly through the reeds grounded. "Pinto" explained the captain scrambling to the prow, in an effort to disembark, "We is awived."

But canoes are endowed with unhappy propensities, they cant when you least expect them, so when Doug found himself in a watery bed he knew that his canoe had abided by the law.

"Naughty bwoat you is!" he scolded "to pill 'Dougie' out like that, naughty bwoat!" And he belaboured its delinquent parts with amusing, but virile, animosity.

Youth's troubles however, are easily obliterated by the exhilaration that independence exhales, and which tasted for the first time, proves an intoxicating draught only the dregs are bitter and "Doug" wasn't old enough to sample them. Accompanied by the "crew" he explored his possession from end to end with much satisfaction, pointing his puppy the places of interest as proudly as Balboa upon his Darien peak once pointed the Pacific. When the latter, however, betrayed the state of his affections by barking at a kingfisher on a branch, he expressed his opinion of the "crew" in — well, really the most scathing terms.

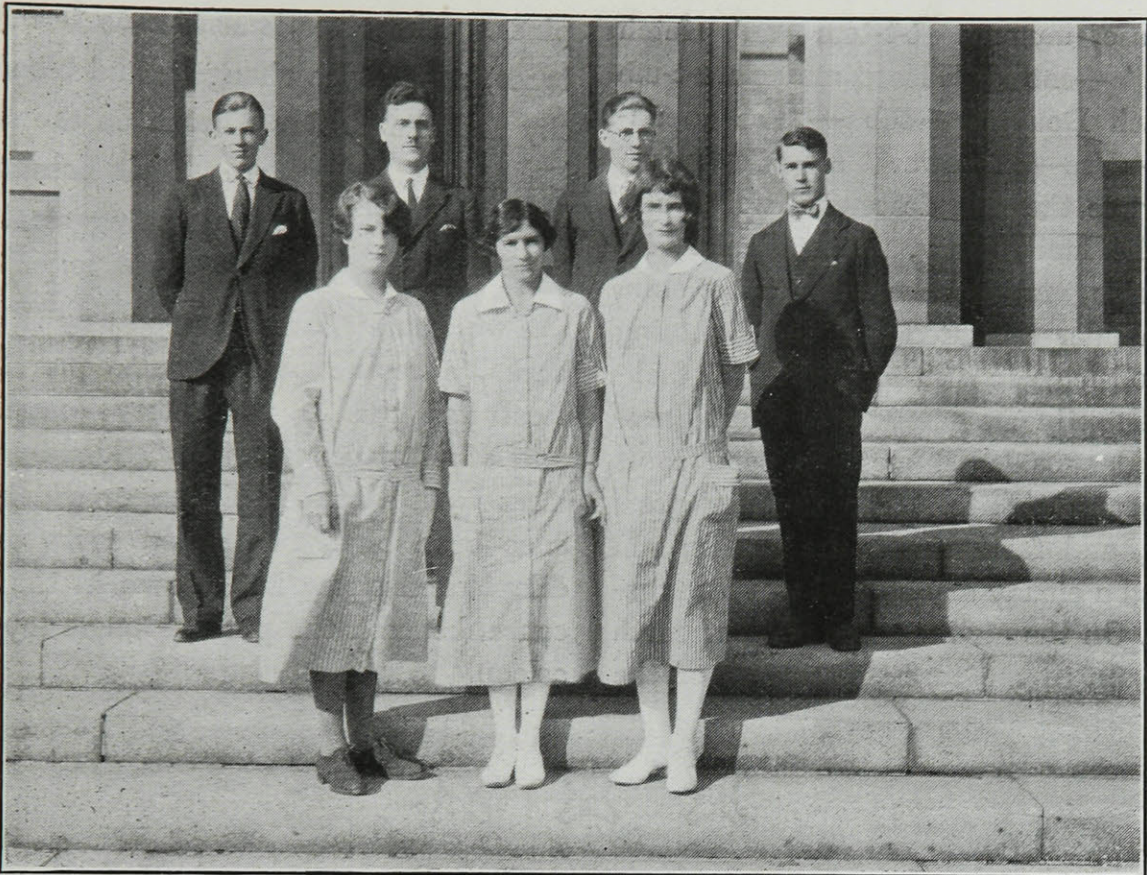
Now, on this island in early spring,

a mother bird built her nest. It required ingenuity, patience and tact, but as nature had endowed her with all of these things, she emerged triumphant in the close. Straws from the mainland, brought one by one. Fluff and feathers from the Lord knows where; each, were essential to the whole. Till at length, one morning at the bottom of her nest four little smutted blue things rejoiced the mother's heart — they were her eggs. The birdlings came last of all. When Doug chanced upon them in his wanderings he said, "Ah!" Afterwards "How tweet!" And, then I am sorry to say, he took them out one by one.

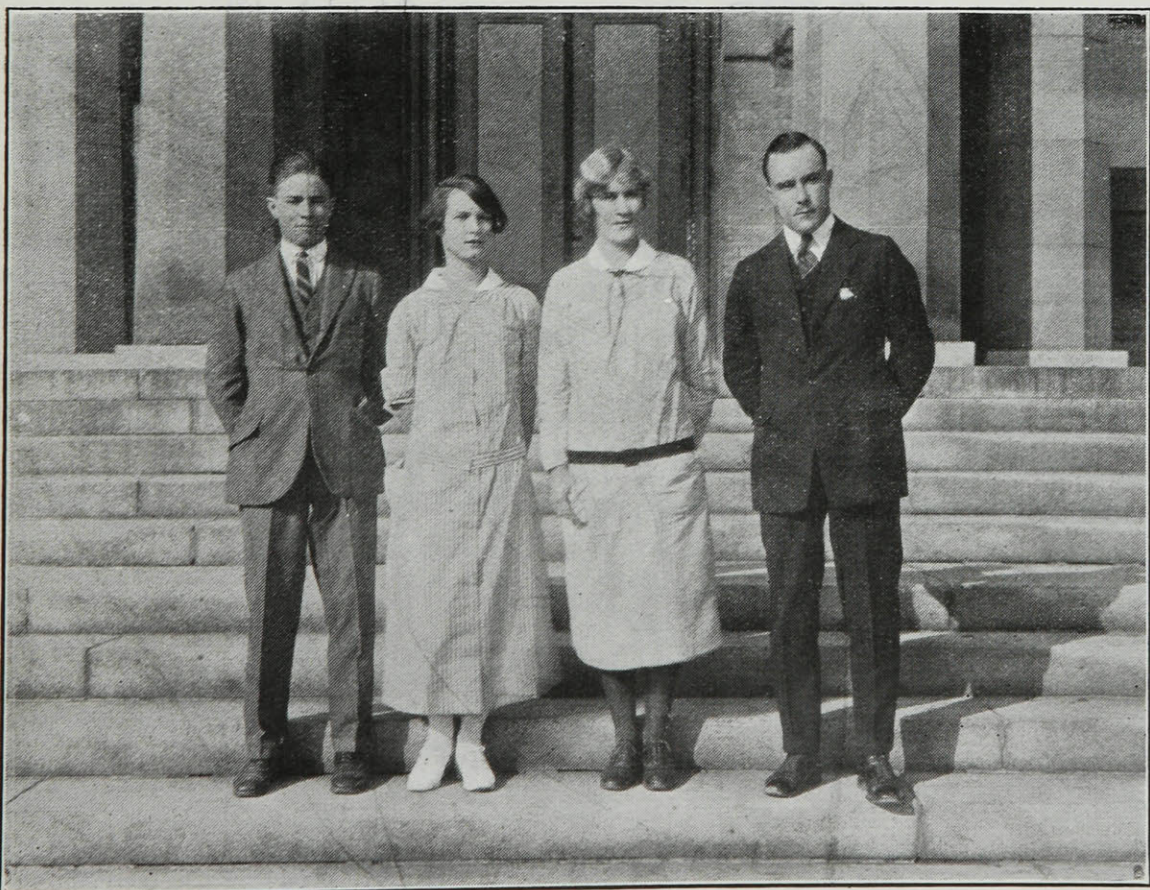
Pinto, true to his canine propensities, adored the feathered tribe. If they flew he barked at them; if they could not he ate them. Out of this promising family of fledgelings the puppy obtained three. The fourth came to grief in Doug's fat little hand.

"Poor 'ittle birdie," he soothed, "I'm afwaid you is thick, p'aps mumma will better you wis a nice, wee dose of cathor-oil." Later, realizing the gist of affairs, he lost hope and decided to inter it. This, to one endowed with a nice disposition, assumed herculean proportions, with the result that while he exhausted the neighborhood Pinto whose appetite had been whetted by the trio, picked their relative to the bone, and sad to relate upon his master's return the fledgeling was nowhere to be found.

Doug probably imagined that the angels had been premature and carried his child bird to heaven. I don't know, but that was possibly uppermost in his mind, when the closeness of the atmosphere and the appearance of the sky, banished the incident. Soon, a heavy rain commenced to fall, the wind rose and eddied in the pines till our truant betrayed his fears of the gale by lamentations, and copious tears.



The "Lit" Executive



The S. C. A Executive

"Please, mumma t-t-tum an' fetch Dougie" —sob —"Please mumma t-t-tum an' fetch Dougie" —sob —"I'se so uncomfy—I'se—oh—ewer so uncomfy." Meanwhile the rain descended wrathfully upon the land, misty, perpendicular, impenetrable, and drenched him to the skin. The thunder muttered and the lightning reft the gloom in a lurid, and fitful fashion. Happily the gale was of short duration and subsided, almost as soon as it had sprung to life. The thunder grew fainter, and farther off, the setting sun softened a cloudy sky and all was strangely still. On the air hung the odor of earth after rain, in the forest the scent of the

pinus. The river, smooth as burnished brass, reflected a changing and bloodshot sky and the shadowy brush on the shore. On the twilight Press Keel echoed no sound save the water dripping stealthily from the leaves.

Two hours later, guided by Pinto's barks, a rescue party landed on Press Keel and this is what they found. A pair of miniature boots suspended by their laces from a branch, a romper which had once been blue, two soiled socks and a dilapidated straw hat. Down in the pine cones, beneath the pines, Dougie lay fast asleep.



In Defence of the Caveman

By Stan Hether

"And caves where the cave-men dwell."

Popular opinion has long been that the *Caveman* was the most unfeeling of creatures — the sort of person that did not hesitate to club into submission to his cruel will his wife or any other woman. Our most characteristic picture of this remote ancestor of ours was thought to be one that showed him seizing some terrified woman by the hair and dragging her off to his cave. *Cavemen* is a name therefore that has become a synonym for all that is brutal and most at variance with modern standards of behavior. As a result the familiar expression, "Marry her young and treat her rough" is erroneously attributed to precedents established in that distant age. To rectify this injustice done our early forbears is the intent of this explanatory page from history.

Science, as its knowledge of prehistoric life grows larger and more complete, has ascertained that the reputation of the caveman is entirely contradictory to the facts. It has found out that there is no real basis for the belief, so commonly expressed, that he maltreated woman-kind and behaved in other ways inferior to a beast. On the contrary, evidence has accumulated to show that, in spite of the hard struggle he had to make for an existence, he was a decent sort of chap — one we ought to feel proud to claim for an ancestor.

Unquestionably the womenfolk of that day had to work hard and undergo many hardships, but so did the husbands and sons — such life was common to the age. The caveman early attempted to climb the ladder of civilization side by side with his woman, and it would have been strange had he not treated her well, es-

pecially as he recognized her valuable aid and considered her worth as the mother of his many children. In fact, we have many proofs that woman was worshipped at this stage in human history. Mary Johnson, in her interestingly written and scientific novel "The Wanderers," said of this time: "Woman, the makers and possessors of children, the original devisers of all things, were yet the authoritative sex. They were the mothers, the instinctively turned to even after childhood, the deified." The reason for this worthily-bestowed respect is easy to determine.

It is noteworthy that most of the inventions of primitive days were the result of woman's curiosity and thought. Fire, the most prized of all discoveries, came to light in this manner. A cave-woman out for a stroll (One of the most tempting recreations of college life was also originated by woman) observed a tree trunk, that had been struck by lightning, burning. With the inquisitiveness so natural to her sex she investigated the phenomenon and noticed that a long bough, slender and bare as bamboo, had burst into flame. Wonderingly she picked it up and the first torch came into the world. A large, fierce, hungry animal — not her favorite husband — happened to come along at this moment and, having had no experience with the terrors of fire, rushed at her. She made deliberate use of her burning stick and with all her strength struck the beast over the eyes with the blaze. Roaring with pain it turned and fled. Man, the imitator, ever willing to follow when someone leads the way, profited from this encounter. He could now protect himself without climbing a tree.

Several generations later, another of the terrible females became hungry and, as was the custom in those days, searched for a vine. Temptingly the purple clusters hung beyond her reach. Providentially a piece of broken and dead wood lay beneath the tree. This she lifted and in a twinkling the fruit came tumbling down upon the grass. In her delight she shouted "I have a long arm! a longer arm than anyone else's! A huge snake glided along a moment later and as it raised its head to hiss she struck with force and killed it. The result caused her to chatter with surprise. The whole caveman family had now an effective instrument of offence and defence and this weapon was the result of woman's efforts. Man naturally looked upon woman as super-natural and worshipped her as a superior being.

The religious feeling of the caveman is evidenced in many small feminine figures, carved from stone and ivory, which have been discovered. Experts assert that they were the idols of the men, and that we have in them the earliest types of Venus, the Goddess of Love. Men who worship women are not apt to treat them unkindly, for in primitive society, as a thorough study of the Old Testament shows, there is always an association of fear with worship. Obviously then the caveman did not dare to treat his woman disrespectfully for fear the godwoman would avenge the harm done her daughter.

Even if the caveman was but a trifle better than the lower animals, all the less should we expect him to maltreat the woman. If he did he would be the exception in the animal kingdom. The lion protects the lioness, the bull guards his harem, the ape mates permanently, and fights not with but for his mate. The ram fights off others of his kind, but attacks any foe of his ewes, guarding his

flock with his life. Therefore if the caveman was near to animals, we may be sure that he was anything but cruel to his mate, or companion.

The cavemen were many grades above the animals of his age. The rough hole in the side of the mountain provided not only a shelter against the storm and wild beasts, but it soon became much that we call a home. It had not merely comforts, but with the large amount of leisure at his command, early man soon became an artist, decorating the walls of the caverns with pictures taken from his daily life. There we see hunting scenes and many likenesses of women but never has one been found depicting a man beating a female or catching one by the hair to pull her to his subterranean home. Such a picture, science brands as a pure invention of the modern imagination. It is a flagitious error in psychology to attribute to the caveman the brutality with which he is glibly charged. There is absolutely no justification for transferring the vices and evils of our boasted civilization to the untutored man of the early ages.

The calumnies under which the caveman has rested for decades need repudiation. His records show that such charges are unjust and that such things were impossible for him. He was natural — he ate, drank water, slept, made a home and assisted in the rearing of a family. And as has been shown, when he began to reason he found that woman was his superior — she had preceded him in the realm of thought. Naturally he learned to honor her and to look upon her with respect.

Although life in the caveman age was one of hardship, there were times when the innate playfulness of our ancestors was noticeable. There were periods of plenty as well as of scarcity and when the former occurred mankind had the

opportunity to develop along social lines. In this way sports, music and the other arts had their beginning. It does not require much of an imagination to picture the first musical comedy. A writer of that prehistoric era shows the carefree existence during the spare moments of his day in these lines:

"Caveman and wife in bandanas
Sang gaily in the earliest savannahs
And the Ichthyosaurus
Joined well in the Chorus
Of 'Yes, we have no bananas.' "

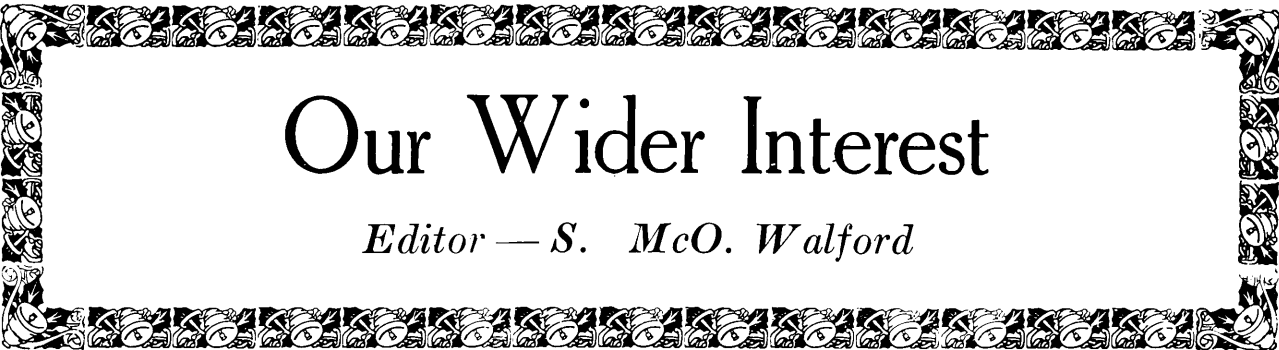
Life then in those days of long ago differed materially from what we enjoy

or tolerate to-day. Woman commanded the respect of the male. The latter was not the head of the family and was of minor importance. The modern woman should not forget the high plane from which she has descended and in her contact with the man of to-day should insist that the standard of the CAVEMAN AGE be restored. When the successors of Cleopatra and Salome become once again the object of man's worship the term *caveman* shall be a title of respect and not a mere way of stating that the recipient has "sheik-like" attributes and practices.



Insects are called insects,
(Loz) in sections they do be.
But so's the Intermediate Mass.
What part is Section L?





Our Wider Interest

Editor — S. McO. Walford

Dear Boys and Girls:

It's hard to realize that a whole summer has again slipped by, isn't it? Already you've been two months at school this fall — a fifth of the way to next June, where you'll be promoted to the next grade, start some more holidays, and wonder where all the time has gone.

Five years ago most of you were just starting school, or were in the first few grades. And now those lower grade pupils seem just a bunch of squealing kids, good for nothing but to block the diamond when you want to play baseball. Funny, isn't it, how quickly you've grown up?

But did you ever stop to think what the next five years are going to do for you? You'll of course want to go through High School — if you want to get ahead — and no matter what you do afterwards, you'll agree that four years at "High" was time well spent. But the funny part of it all is that when you finish school, you're just starting to learn. Even if you start work right off, you'll find that whatever advancement you make will be due to what you learn about the business from people or books.

You've all decided to make a success of something some day, of course you have! Well, some evening when Mother and Dad aren't too busy, tell them what you hope to be, and I'm pretty sure they'll make it possible for you if they think it would be best for you.

Whatever it is you decide on, a college course will give you a big boost along

the right road. No matter if you want to be a doctor, farmer, engineer, minister, storekeeper, lawyer, dietitian, manufacturer, teacher, dentist or what not, some faculty of McGill University gives just the course you'll want, and a lot of other interesting things, besides.

Here at Macdonald (one of the colleges of McGill) we have several courses well worth thinking about. The work in Agriculture helps a farmer to be a better farmer, or teaches him to be of service to others. The School for Teachers is where almost every teacher in the Province got her start. And if you girls want training in anything from managing your home to a hotel kitchen, you can get it in the School of Household Science, to which girls come from all over Canada.

Then in off-hours we have sports, concerts, "sing-songs," debates "at-homes," that all help to get us acquainted with folks from all over this continent and a couple of others besides. That means that here you can learn more about "people" and how best to enjoy their company than at any other place I know of. If you want to learn more about it, ask Teacher. She'll be glad to tell you more than I have time to write about here.

So work hard, little friends, and some day, I hope you'll be fortunate enough to come here. Then you'll find that everything I have said about Macdonald is solid truth.

Yours for Mac.,
Steve Walford.

Miss Clarke, who writes the following article, is a graduate of Macdonald College. She is now dietitian in a large Philadelphia hospital, likes her work, and only wishes she could spend all over again the two years she studied here. Perhaps the idea never occurred to you of curing sick people by feeding them properly, but read on and then see what you think of it all.—The Editor.

THE WHY AND WHAT OF A DIETITIAN'S LIFE

"Dear me! How times have changed! cries Grandmother. "No girl would ever dream of doing such things in my day. What is the world coming to?"

Grandmother is right. No girl in her day ever did think of doing some of the things we do now. But what of it? All I can say is that Grandmother missed a lot, and one of the biggest things she missed was the fun of earning her own living and the feeling of independence that goes with it.

There are not many girls to-day who do not decide on what they are going to fit themselves for before they reach their third year in High School. The fields of work for girls nowadays are many and varied. Of course each girl's choice will depend to a great extent upon her own personal talents and ability. Now girls what are you going to do?

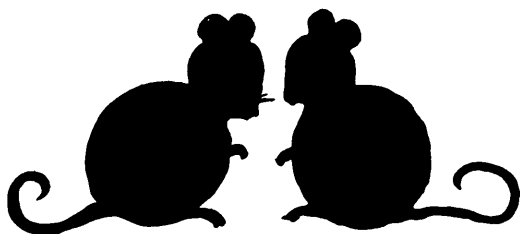
For the girl who is scientifically inclined, there is a great opening in the field of dietetics. The dietitian is a practically new institution and the demand for workers along this line, greatly exceeds the supply. The work is fascin-

ating in all its branches. Perhaps the most fascinating work connected with dietetics is that of the hospital dietitian. Diet in disease is now being recognized by the foremost physicians as being nearly, if not quite, as important as the medical treatment itself.

We hospital dietitians are associating ourselves more and more with the medical profession. Specialists in certain diseases of metabolism now employ their own private dietitians. Large hospitals have dietitians in their clinics working side by side with the doctor often aiding in saving the very life of a patient and then, when that life is saved, her duty is to make that life worth living by making the patient's diet appetizing and pleasant, and at the same time giving him the food which his particular case requires.

Don't think the work is easy. But then no work is worth while if there are not some difficulties connected with it. A great responsibility rests on the shoulders of the hospital dietitian. She can't afford to make mistakes as the least error may set back the work of the doctor and also delay the recovery of a patient. She must be on the alert. She must use all her ingenuity in planning menus to keep them from being monotonous. But for her, there is no danger of monotony.

There is always something new, always something to learn and her field is ever widening. Her opportunities for helping suffering humanity are nearly as great as those of the nursing and medical professions.

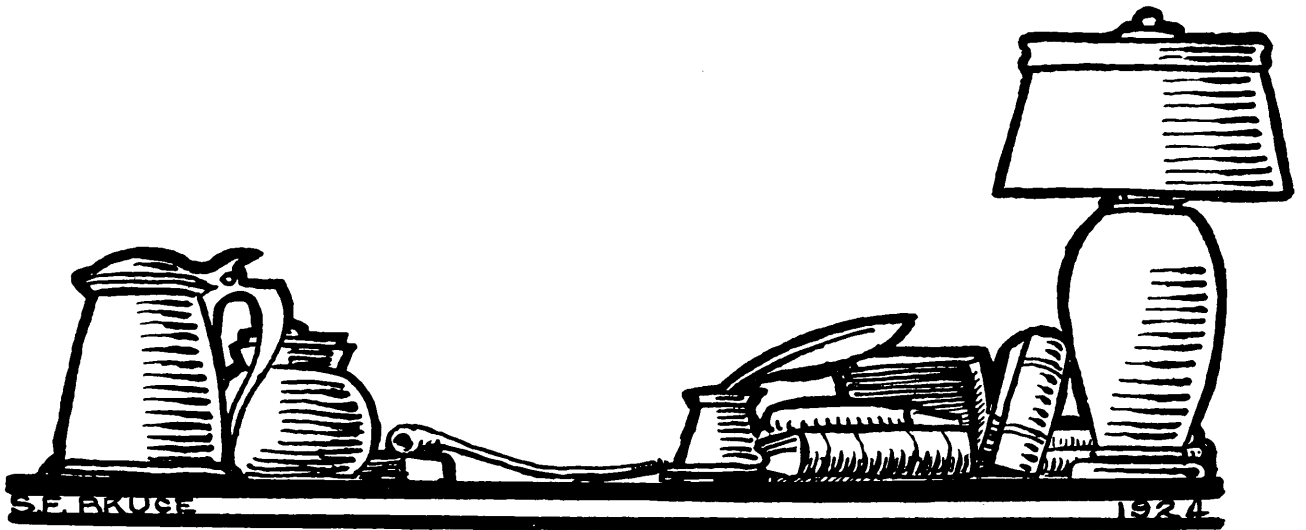




Fall Short Course in Household Science



Elementary Teachers, Fall 1925



Under The Desk Lamp

Dear Mr. Editor:

I crave space in your magazine to draw the attention of the much-harassed Dance Committee to one glaring omission in their careful preparations to make the "Mac" dances this year the brightest and most successful ever.

A good orchestra is engaged weeks in advance, decorations are carefully planned, a smooth floor is assured, "sit-outs" are provided for the weary or affectionate, and retiring rooms in which the sweet young things may touch-up their acquired bloom. But what has been arranged to ensure peace of mind among the males? Nothing, Mr. Editor, nothing!

What can be made a greater adornment to gentlemen, yet what is more neglected than a bow-tie? what forms a more imposing contrast to a pair of broad, manly shoulders, what more delicately suggests the thin dividing line between brawn and brains; what forms a better base to that strong, angular profile than a well-aligned bow-tie, or better covers the smear of blood on the collar's edge resulting from a too hasty shave? Nothing, Mr. Editor, nothing!

And yet, at functions where bow-ties

are tolerated, we often see them struggling to reach the perpendicular, as if symbolic of the uprightness of the wearer's mind despite his dishevelled appearance. Or worse still, to have one wing protrude like the arm of a railroad semaphore set for "proceed cautiously," or oftener, "stop." If his dancing partners are railroadwise, the entire evening is ruined for him. Or what could be more disconcerting to have laughingly torn apart the bow that took one, his hands all thumbs, a whole hour to adjust before his mirror? Nothing, Mr. Editor, nothing!

So for the sake of all these unfortunates I strongly urge the establishment of a Bow-Tie Service Station at the College Dances. A Service Station under the supervision of someone who knows bow-ties inside out, upside down, in health and in trouble, and who can minister to their indispositions whether the offending adornments are crippled from birth, deformed in the heat of the fray, or just the victim of some girlish prank. What, I ask, would be of better service to the occasional bow-tie wearer? Nothing, Mr. Editor, nothing!

Yours very respectfully,

Steve Walford.

Macdonald College, Que.
Friday, Oct. 16th, 1925.

Dear Alice,

I promised to write to you as soon as I came to college so here we are. First of all I must tell you about our Saturday evening dances. They start as soon as the fellows can get properly dolled up after supper and run until bedtime. Our jazz orchestra we have called "The Unholy Three" after a thrilling picture which we saw at the Ste. Annes Capitol Theatre. You remember those hops that we used to have at our summer cottage? Well these dances remind me of them, 'cause the cooling breezes blow in on us from all directions. And the boys;—well you know me Alice and its needless for me to say that my program is filled up about a week ahead of time, —and we have some of the nicest boys at Mac, with the grandest bow ties and

—I do wish you were here, for Mac, as you know, having a world-wide rep. as a school for teachers, and also I believe, as an Agricultural College, we get fellows (men students) here from all parts of the world so I have a wonderful opportunity to learn the Argentine Tango and Mexican Mix-up from those who have been there and seen how its really done.

I wrote to Freddie K. and asked him to please come up here for our Winter Short Course, and sent him a nice prospectus and told him to be sure and bring his flute, so that ought to bring him surely, Alice!

Next time I write I will tell you about the sunday evening sings, the Monday evening feeds and the Tuesday evening washing, and the—oh d—it's 11 P. M. and the lights have gone out on me!

Yours to a cinder,
Flossie.





FOREWORD

College Life! Here we are at old "Mac" living the life. We enjoy it, too. Who of us would want to miss that extra sleep between 6:45 and 7:30 A. M? That mad dash into your clothes when the breakfast bell rings? The solemn (!?) parade to the Post Office; or the thrill of that long expected letter? The journey to Wright's; or the silence of study hour? All these things and countless others make for variety, health and happiness. We must not overlook the Saturday night dances which round off the week with a social "get-together"; the occasional and much appreciated organ recitals that relieve the boredom of a Sunday afternoon, and are landmarks to look forward to for future enjoyment.

Our relations toward our fellow students, our relations toward the staff, the carrying on of the college spirit and traditions for the coming session, all entail tact, require every member of Macdonald to bend his or her will toward the ultimate goal — unanimity.

And because of our faith in the men and women, who have arrived at Macdonald for their "freshmen year," and who are learning, for the first time her yells and traditions, her "do's" and her "don'ts," we know that this appeal for

unanimity is not in vain. We feel confident that they will work in harmony with the senior years the happiest, peppiest and "pleasantest" College Life ever seen around the Campus.

COLLEGE LIFE

Frederick White, Element. '25

Life at the College flows along calmly and peacefully like the smooth running of a piece of well-oiled machinery.

The different parts of the Machine, co-ordinating the Social aspect of our College Life are well chosen, and like the cogs in a great wheel they each take their part and fulfill their functions.

Out of this emanates our Life here, as one united family working with one interest, one purpose—the purpose of making College Life a pleasant and a profitable thing for each other.

During the day the lecture room and the lecturer provide the mental stimulus for the mind, and plenty of mental food differing in manner and purpose is given out daily to make our life here one of progress and of culture; to make us more fitted for that life with others, in which we intend to take a leading part.

Not only is our mental life looked after, but our physical life, without which

the mental would be an impossibility. This is catered for by the dietition, because everyday proper food for the nourishment of these physical bodies is provided, to strengthen our physical capacity, which again has its reaction on our mental capacity and in the end affects our social life.

In the gymnasium this physical capacity is brought to its highest fruition; for by physical training our bodies are made more graceful, our limbs more supple, a greater alertness creeps into our whole being, a more sportsmanlike view of life is developed here, which bears us up and fits us the more, to enter into all kinds of social activities that are going on in the world outside.

In the evening when the light is getting dim and natural light no longer suffices; with the electric light turned on the students get together in the evening for a dance in the girls' gymnasium, and there get an introduction into the pleasant aspect of our social life, without which no life could be called perfect or complete.

Lastly, the beautiful environment in which we as students live from day to day, and here I would like to speak of the situation in which the College is placed; amidst a tastefully arranged campus with flowers and trees adding a beauty to the landscape I might well be excused for saying:

"Midst pleasant scenes where nature
holdeth sway,
I pass my time in pleasure day by day."

The Ottawa River flowing in front, the delightful country all round cannot but have a great effect upon our lives from day to day toning them, clarifying them, and giving to our lives higher ideals, higher aims, higher purposes; so that we can go from here, better citi-

zens, and better able to take our place in what is moving and living outside these gates.

A spirit of amity and peace, a spirit of helpfulness, and kindness, seems to breathe from the college life as though it were one living entity. Finally the feeling that while you are here you are at home expresses more fully than anything else the outward existence of this social life and is a tribute to its living reality; for at Macdonald College it may truly be said, it is the student's own fault if he or she is a social outcast.

"Let us pull together with purpose right,
Like comrades leal and true,
To stand by each other with all our might,
One purpose, only in view.

That wherever we are in the great outside,

We'll remember those College days,
When we lived together, and ate together
And we learnt each other's ways."

—Frederick White.

THE S. C. A. RECEPTION

The annual reception of the Students' Christian Association was held in the Men's Gymnasium on Saturday, October 17, at seven o'clock. The girls came over via the tunnel, and were welcomed by Miss Russell and the S. C. A. Committee. The activities of the evening commenced with a contest, the object of which was to obtain as many signatures as possible from the opposite sex, thus furthering the acquaintances between the boys and the girls. The Reverend Cyril Adair, Honorary President of the Society, gave a most appropriate speech, followed by a few remarks by Mr. Roy Bell, President. Dancing came next, punctuated with a Paul Jones and a tag dance. Prizes were given to the winners of the above-mentioned contest, the booby pri-

zes being very suitable. The music rendered by the boys' orchestra was greatly appreciated and made the dancing most enjoyable. All too soon 10.15 arrived. "Home Sweet Home" over, the procession proceeded to the Foyer. Dainty refreshments were served there, bringing the evening to a close. Reluctantly the "good-nights" were said, and thus ended the S. C. A. Reception until another year.

delightful tea in the Reception Room on Tuesday, October 13.

HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE TEA

On Sunday afternoon, Oct. 4th, the Senior Ads entertained the Household Science Staff and Junior Ads. at a very enjoyable tea. Miss Russel and Miss Sutherland received the guests in the Reception Room while Miss Scott poured.

Miss Helen Parker originated an idea which should serve to create a closer relationship between the Science and Teachers by holding a most informal and

This was not only a pleasant function but it demonstrated the abilities of the graduating class in Science and they should be congratulated on their splendid work.



THE FUSSER'S HOUR

by Shortfellow

Between the last lecture and supper,
Released from the pedagogue's power,
Comes the holiday time of the Co-ed's
That is known as the Fusser's Hour.

I hear in the chambers above us
The clatter of heavy shoes,
A musical voice from the bath-tub,
Discussions of women and booze.

As I stand on the edge of the campus
Observing the feminine lair
I perceive an exchanging of dresses,
Adjustments of ribbons and hair.

In a minute the lights are extinguished,
The stairs are traversed with a run
And the scintillant vision of girlhood
Is on hand for the afternoon's fun.

A spirited dash from the entrance
To encounter the hesitant Stude
And the pulsating pair are united;
They depart for the village and food.

They pass by the green-swarded oval,
Walk out through the massive gate
And under the frost-painted maples
At a strangely irregular rate.

At the river they turn to the westward,
Pursuing their course for a way
Till they come to the door of the tea-room
That is known as the "Hudson Bay."

Shall we follow them in for a moment?
I'm sure they won't see us at all;
As they settle themselves in the parlor
We'll craftily hide in the hall.

Hark! Hark to the cooing caresses,
The creaking of sofa and floor,
The mumbling of lowered voices,
As we listen intent at the door.

Let us go e'er the maid brings their coffee
To collegiate satyr and elf,
Let us go for the daylight is waning!
To-morrow I'll try it myself.

✿ AUNT PUSSIE'S POST ✿

M.A.

When in a difficulty, don't hesitate to consult Aunt Pussie! Every problem, no matter what the nature of it, has its solution, and Aunt Pussie never fails to discover that solution. Of course, girls will be girls and boys will be boys, but how often do the actions of the one, surprise and mystify the other. And there are other problems too, that need careful

consideration. So the next time you wish advice and don't know where to ask it, remember Aunt Pussie — she'll never disappoint you.

My dear Aunt Pussie—

When I decided to come to Macdonald College to learn how to be a teacher of the young, I had no idea that college life

would be like I find it, or don't find it, for to tell you the honest truth I haven't found it yet. My gracious, do they call this life!—this long continuous drudgery from early in the morning until late at night, sitting freezing and boiling alternately in our rooms, making lesson plans? It may be Macdonald College life, but it wasn't my idea of college life. And that House Committee!! A member stationed at every point of vantage to catch poor unsuspecting mortals like myself, whose only wish is to have a little innocent fun occasionally. If I on get into its clutches much more I won't have a cent to my name and then what shall I do and what will Mrs. Wright do? She and her chocolate cake won't see my cheery face any more—but I forgot—my cheery face is no more, even as my cash will soon be—the House Committee will see to that.

Now, my dear Aunt Pussie, what am I to do? Am I to live my life according to my own lights or according to the standard set at Macdonald College. Am I to defy the House Committee, or am I to be crushed under its iron hand—or perhaps you, who are an authority could persuade it to do away with itself? I await your reply.—A Disillusioned Student.

ANSWER—

What utter nonsense! Take the advice of one who knows and do not defy the House Committee or you'll lose your name besides your cash. And turn down the glimmer of your own lights (if any) and set your watch to those of Macdonald!

Dear Aunt Pussie,

I am so interested to hear that you are undertaking the task of solving our difficulties for us.

I am a young girl of thirty-eight and am attending Macdonald College. I am five feet one inch high. When I came here I only weighed one hundred and

seventy-four. I now weigh one hundred and ninety-three, and do not see why I should have gained, as I only go to Mrs. Wright's four days a week and not any oftener to the Cottage Tea Room.

I made a rule not to eat any more than one order of everything each time. I do not think I look too stout, but would very much appreciate it if you would tell me how much a person of my height ought to weigh, and could give me any suggestions as to what to eat besides potatoes and gravy, macaroni, peas, pie, cake and bread and butter in order to keep slender.

I am enjoying the college life very much, especially going to each others' rooms after study period and sharing cakes and cookies and things.

I will close now, hoping my letter is not too brief to let you know just what information I need.

Your affectionate supplicant,

Miss Dolly Dimple.

Answer:—My advice is to omit eating at the Tea Rooms and 'each others' cakes and cookies. Just attend the meals in the college dining room and it won't be long before you are "thin" again. The correct weight for your height is all according to taste.

QUESTIONS

1. Do you think it proper for two girls to walk home alone from Church in the dark?
2. Do you think it proper for girls to stand outside the dining-room waiting to talk to the boys?
3. Are six dances too many to reserve for your own partner at the Formal Dance?
4. Don't you think the Profs. ought to patronize the Tonsorial Parlours of Ste. Anne?
5. Why do the students fill up on

"Life Savers" before going to teach in the High School?

6. What do you think of a girl who brought a "Teddy Bear" to College to keep her from getting lonesome?

7. What do you suppose the Profs. would say if they saw their own pictures painted on some of the girls' knees at the Formal Dance?

8. Do you think "College Humour" a fit book for College girls to read?

9. In order to compete with the "Philharmonic Society" many of the '26 Teachers have joined the "Philourstomic Society." Could Aunt Pussy tell us how we could best carry out the motto of this society in the Macdonald College dining room?

10. Why is Halifax important to us?

11. What is meant by "curve of beauty?"

12. Why aren't the boys allowed to dance with any girl they want?

13. Is it right to knit on Sunday?

14. Why do boys in the Men's Residence hang their washing so near the window?

—Wise and Otherwise.

ANSWERS

1. One would imagine that this depended entirely upon the two girls. If they are the kind that start out two and end up four, they had better attend Church in the morning.

2. It's nothing to be ashamed of.

3. Is he a good dancer, and are you?

4. Where would the girls go if they did?

5. My dear child, it is the only form

of sustenance they have, don't deprive them of it.

6. After all, is there any difference between a Teddy Bear, and a photograph, if the resemblance is there?

7. How ridiculously silly!

8. If they read it with their ears, eyes and mouths firmly shut.

9. My advice is to eat more quickly, stand on a chair with the empty vessel high in the air to catch the maid's eye and watch yourselves eat, not the boys.

10. Because an important professor was born there.

11. In what sense do you mean?

12. Perhaps the girls they want to dance with are not allowed to dance with them.

13. If Sunday doesn't object.

14. To get all the air that's going.

Suggestions For Improvements

1. An elevator in the Women's Residence.

2. A hair-dressing parlour connected with the college.

3. A maid for each table in the dining room.

4. A trolley car connecting the Men's Residence with the Women's Residence.

5. "Heat" — at all hours.

6. Proctors who will sleep during study hour.

7. Burning of the High School.

8. No room inspection.

9. Sixteen mails per day.

10. A shoe-shine establishment.

11. Variety in the meat line.

12. A larger balcony off the girls' gym.

The Editor:—Anybody second the nomination?



In Memory of Fourteen Hundred Women of the Empire!

Arriving in England ten days before the unveiling of the Five Sisters Window at York Minster, I was asked to represent the Ex-Service women of the Dominion of Canada at this never-to-be-forgotten ceremony. So on 23rd June armed with all the old war time kit I proceeded to York ready for the ceremony on the 24th. We arrived to find nearly all the hotel accommodation booked up; eight hundred next-of-kin besides representatives of all the Womens Services had been invited to attend this memorial service to the Empire's daughter who "came not back" and York was full but after a search we found rooms quite close to the Minster itself and "dug ourselves in." The town was all agog—streets were being decorated—soldiers hurrying about—Church dignitaries were coming and going at the Minster and there was a general air about the picturesque Yorkshire town of something very important about to happen. The 24th opened cold and bleak and we were very glad to be wearing our uniforms. Royalty was to be present so decorations and medals had to be taken out of their cases and worn. In most cases this was the first "airing" they had had since the war! The ex-service women were instructed to "fall in" at a given point in the centre of York: this we did and at 2 p. m. were swinging down the York streets four abreast with mounted police clearing the way. The wonderful old Cathedral was almost full when we were directed to our places by officers of the 8th Hussars—V. A. D.'s Army Nurses—women doctors—the scarlet hoods of the latter worn over their uniforms brightening up the old edifice—were there, and representatives of all the Dominions and Army and Navy—the

band of the 8th Hussars stationed in a side chapel played very beautiful music during the seating of the congregation. Very soon the massive west end door was flung open and the Royal procession came in headed by the Duke and Duchess of York. The service had been very well thought out and was most beautiful and dignified; an augmented choir was responsible for the music under the direction of the Minster organist, E. C. Bairstow, but the vast congregation were not silent and to hear hymn "For all the Saints" sung by those three thousand people was something not to be easily forgotten. After the unveiling of the window by the Duchess of York, the Archbishop of York gave a very beautiful address and the service ended with the trumpeters of the 8th Hussars sounding the Last Post and the Reveille; as the last note of the Reveille died away the drums stationed in a gallery rolled out—dimly at first, then louder and louder gradually dying away in the distance—a most poignant introduction to the grand finale of the National Anthem.

Before leaving for London the next morning we made a pilgrimage to the Memorial—the Five Sisters window is six hundred years old and the memorial scheme of restoring it took two years to complete and was subscribed to by over thirty-two thousand women. It has five lancet shaped lights each measuring 53 ft. 6 in. in height and 5 ft. 1 in. in breadth — the window is one of the largest in the United Kingdom and is of magnificent beauty, the names of this little army of women—fourteen hundred and seventy—who gave their lives in the Great War are graven on a screen of the Minster's own oak, which surrounds the

chapel of St. Nicholas, each Corps or Service has a panel—the Canadian Army Medical Corps being Number 7. The badge of the C. A. M. C. is on the outside and the names of the forty-five Canadian nurses are engraved in black on a gold foundation: very clear and easy to read, the screen is so placed that the light from the magnificent old windows ever rests on it.

A McGill student writing to me in England after visiting York this summer said "it has in its unique window a mem-

orial of almost world-wide interest which it seems to me forms a link with Canada.

I hope any Canadian woman, whether a subscriber to this very wonderful memorial or not, when visiting England will try and visit York Minster. You must enter by the South Transept door and the Empire Memorial to Women faces you.

"They shall not grow old as we that are left grow old: age shall not weary them or the years condemn. At the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them."

—Constance M. Sutton.

Something About Morocco

By P. W. Fernau, Agr. '28

Though I do not pretend to be an authority on Morocco—which by the way is situated in the North Western corner of Africa and is notorious for a certain prolonged Espano-Rifi war—and much less of an essayist, I will endeavour to depict a little of the life of this country.

As it is little use my repeating—for such it would be—any history by writing the annals of Morocco in the dividing up of Spain and so forth, I will write, as I have said, on the Moors' life as it has been and is likely to be "in shâ Allah."

The religion is such that any change into a more moral life would mean ostracism to the individual who attempted such a change. European commodities and conveniences are used a great deal amongst the richer Moors in their domestic life—but this is rather a natural acquisition to any African or uncivilized race.

If the Spaniards are to be laughed at

for not having done away with the menace of attacks from mountain tribesmen, it was certainly woe to the inhabitants who became apparently too prosperous before the introduction of French Protection. The nomads of the whole country would hear the news in a few days and would be in action to plunder that township that was unconsciously attracting the greed of these otherwise peaceful folks.

The Moor has not an extremely high sense of honour, in fact a few weeks after my mother and father had settled in their house—a fairly large one—after their honeymoon, the first or ground floor was despoiled of its entire coverings of rugs. Strangely enough those were the only articles coveted by these Moorish desperadoes.

Living, however, was cheap at that time. Wages and food were ridiculous as compared with modern prices. It was

possible to purchase one hundred eggs (in good condition for the most part) at a value equivalent to twenty-five cents in Canadian currency. The eggs are not of such high grade or as large as those which are generally advised by the man who thinks he knows all about hens. In fact, in England — though I believe since the war the trade has completely vanished—there were certain small white eggs which were sold as "Morocco eggs."

The rich Moors are certainly gourmands and not gourmets, for their foods, which are distinctly substantial, are served in quantity—though quality is not lacking.

Their best known dish—one I have often tasted—is one called "Koos-koos." This consists of an excellent stew made from the meat of the mutton mixed with several vegetables generally including sweet potatoes, carrots, and onions in a *melée* with excellent spices and large raisins. The whole stew is surrounded by a peculiarly prepared wheat flour which is the real koos-koos. The whole preparation is served in a large native bowl of native blue design, giving to the European eye, a delightful rough appearance.

There are two occasions on which feasting is a matter of course. One through a natural desire for relaxation is during the religious period of Ramadan when no one is allowed to eat or drink except between sunset and sunrise. The better part of the night is spent in consuming the *pièce de résistance*, a substantial soup (by name Harara) made of almost every vegetable under the sun, (except "squashes") with varieties of peppers galore. These people are under a heavy trial of fanatic faith to hold to this fasting, for the period comes at a hot time of the year, when eating heavily at night does nothing towards making them feel sprightly during the following day.

The second chance for feasting is at

a wedding. Though I never went to a marriage feast, I know from the disappearance of our man cook for two or three days on the one or two occasions that he was married while in my family's service, it was a splendid affair.

What shock the husband elect receives when married to his chosen wife, (who in married life was compelled by religion to veil her face), is, I believe, relieved with a hearty meal of a more varied menu than any of these that I have already described. As regards the shock—the wife was not chosen by the bridegroom but by arrangement of his, or her, family.

The general and family method of eating comes about as near to the modern meaning of the word "potluck" as can be desired. Those partaking of the meal sit in a circle with legs crossed on round leather cushions, if it is a prosperous household, otherwise on the carpet, and eat from the common platter with nothing but a hand in place of knife and fork. (Consider what an economic saving is this—O ladies of H. S!).

The Moors would practise to-day and tomorrow the same methods in industry as they did in the time of Our Lord, but the French have to a great extent modernized methods though not in all industries.

They practise agriculture in distinctly old-fashioned way — growing whatever crops they need, mainly wheat and maize and a little flax and cotton. There is a method of pasturing cows which works well in the country where seldom more than two or three cows are owned by one person, and which is rather unique. A common herdsman is paid so much to take the cows of the owners out for the whole day to pasture. This man calls for the cows at a little after the approximate milking time in the morning and returns them intact a little before milking time in the evening. Pas-

ture is scarce in the country, therefore it is a good idea for one man to look after the matter for he makes it his business to know which pasture is suitable.

Fez, the capital of Morocco, is the seat of an extremely old university which is still in use and from which much learning has been taken to European countries. The city is also the centre of Moorish art where carpets of wonderful colours, beautifully tooled leather and pottery are made.

Though not so much heard of as other North African Countries, Morocco has its side of interest, its picturesque life, and spots of beauty wild but rare. A people who leave their donkeys in the middle of the road and swear at them from the side on the arrival of a car, and yet produce many laws in mathematics as well as clever proverbs must surely awaken interest in a more modern and civilized people who do neither.



The Fate of a Bachelor

Mr. Cecil Harding was a very young man for a bachelor—and wise. Standing for idealism, at twenty-eight years of age, you would have laughed inordinately to hear him vindicate the joys of celibacy, the merit accruing from chastity. Yet his sincerity was unquestionable. Early in his career he had aspired to au-

thorship and an article entitled "Objections to Marriage" appeared on the desk of a prominent newspaper, where its editor — married possibly and foolish as editors go — put it in an envelope and returned it, with a polite note to the effect that, although some persons might consider it smart, he, personally, didn't.

"That's rich," laughed the celibate.

"What is?" enjoined the landlady.

"Vanderbilt's daughter," said Harding meekly. Internally his thoughts thought—"By George when I'm eminent, won't I make that fellow sing small!"

The genesis of Harding was unique. Frail, ill-garbed, aesthetic, without friends, antecedents, — anything, he entered, as clerk, the wholesale house of Katz & Co., and quietly rose to prominence. Employees who had grown grey in the service of the firm questioned phenomenal growth, and, after a fashion of fixtures, termed it a fallacy. The juniors adopted a critical sneer. The Powers combining the wisdom of each balked, but sensibly admitted.

Harding was possibly least concerned. He dreamed of fame as men before him have dreamed, but not through industrial enterprise. He scorned the Market Litany, Stock Quotations, the Bears and Bulls, and because he had grit, backbone, ability, sought, what he most coveted since perusing Mark Twain, a literary outlet. But literature proved an inadequate source. And Harding perceiving that he lacked in an essential degree, the "one thing needful" for it, imagination, returned, still scoffing, to his Bears and Bulls.

The itch however persisted. Every morning as he entered the dingy warehouse of Katz & Co., Wholesale Clothiers, and seated himself at the wonted desk, the truth of the matter assailed him with fresh and original force. His views, like Dickens' were diffuse. Where he should have exercised a curbing editing, selective sense he expanded "Objections" to folio size, with jottings that would have passed for bills of lading. After supper, with a financial sphere non-existent, with peace, and the companionship of his thoughts, Cecil would immerse himself in

a halo of Stag Tobacco from whence issued immortal thoughts, and the scratching of a fountain pen.

Occasionally a pause would ensue, followed by:

"I say that's rich! *There's* a protest against petticoat government for you!"

These were his lucid intervals.

In a strictly matrimonial era like this, it is surprising to note that Cecil enjoyed a confederate. He was a Perfect Echo, a Response to a Stimulus, a Sympathetic Drone, guaranteed to prate with unction: "Well done old sport, that's the stuffing" or "Boy, oh! boy, you certainly lamm them! whenever the speaker stopped. Like Harding he sneered at connubial bliss, despised your armorous newly-weds, lauded celibacy. Together they founded a bachelor cult, planning subtle, invidious things, called platitudes.

"To come down to brass tacks," Cecil would rail; his feet on the fender, and a pipe hooked comfortably in his teeth. "Women are the cesspool of masculine endeavour — always. Mere modern editions of Eve, Rege, chucked out of Eden if you like, but I'll betcha they fooled the Customs considerable over that apple tree deal! Holy smoke! the way....."

Whereupon Reggie, which was the Echo's other name, would slap his thighs smartly and knock out the last phrase "Cecil!—you're con-founded right!"

* * *

One day the Echo blew in looking for him, too dapper and affable. His hair was combed and cut, his boots shone, and his suit of semi-evening style was surmounted by unmistakable traces of a recent shave.

"Look't Cecil," he asked after an uncomfortable pause, "Don't you think we've been—ahem—kinda prejudiced?"

"In what way?" asked Harding.

"We-el I'm not like you, old man, I can't put it worth a cent, I'm too—too

plump and plain. But, weren't — weren't we a bit general—sweeping you know — in our confidentials on — er — marriage? For instance a fellow may hit on a girl — mayn't he? — that's square as square. We never thought of that, now. Not a petticoat government person, not a masculine type, or — or a paragon of perfection, but a nice, sensible, little girl. Get me?"

"No," said Cecil briefly. "I can't say I do'."

"No?" questioned Reggie. "Well, let me explain myself. Here's a chap keeps company with — Ada for inst. Ada's nuts on him. How do you classify that? It isn't his fault, is it? You're generalizations don't help much, do they? You say she's an infernal nuisance, a masked enemy, or something; he thinks her a sensible girl. And che-ese Cecil, all the cant in the universe won't put that fellow in wrong."

Harding, rose, and relit his pipe.

"Briefly," he demanded, "What are you driving at?"

"Old Sport," averred Reggie warmly, "I don't suppose for a minute, you need it cooked and dished up to you. We've been buddies too long for that. But the whole business is *such* a sham! You know yourself if your theories held, we'd have a hang of a universe. Straight! What's the use of kidding ourselves along? I'm through for keeps—that's a cinch. I'm engaged."

For five full minutes after this home thrust you would have heard that proverbial pin. Then:

"You — you quitter!" gasped Harding.

"Yes," agreed our late Echo sadly, "You're con-founded right!"

* * *

One of the Powers at Katz & Co., Wholesale Clothiers, was a widower, one Tillboy Newton who had extensive in-

terests in the Bulls and the Bears. He was an asthmatic, and ailing. Power whose sole unlucrative enterprise in life had been two charming daughters, fondly designated "my little deficits." Whenever they wanted a draft on the "Home Bank, the "deficits" climbed on their "popper's" knee, ruffled his hair, judiciously termed him "old dear!" Once only, it is on record, in absolute privacy and self-defence, had they to call him a "Bugbear!"

It was to the eldest Ada, a nice girl of nineteen, that Reggie had become engaged.

On the day following Reggie's desertion, Cecil, who was suffering a slight indisposition, knocked into old Newton, and incidentally into an argument on the respective merits of Chippendale and Queen Anne. Harding who collected in a small way himself, brought logic to bear, cited figures, showed enthusiasm, and found himself finally the recipient of an invitation from the widower, to "drop out on Saturday and look his stuff over."

Cecil's arrival was late. Even in the waning autumn sunset he experienced a keen sense of antagonism towards the trim, iron palings that bordered the Newton estate. The sombre tones of a russet landscape were barely relieved by chameleon tints of a setting sun. The drab, grey, stone buildings reminded you strongly of an unusually bleak water-colour, in which the painter, whoever he was, had had a surplus of browns and greys, and had elected to squander them. The effect was tiring. Cecil paused, under an elm, to replenish his pipe and ponder it, when a savage growl revealed in his immediate neighborhood, a prostrate mortal on the threshold of tears. That wasn't the source of the growl, however, it emanated from an irate Boston Bull.

"Ted-dy come he-ah, will you!" called the prostrate mortal, "come he-ah this moment Ted-dy! —and then — "Don't mind him please, he's perfectly harmless."

"That depends," growled Teddy who had to live up to Boston Bull ideals.

But her injunctions were lost on Cecil who was at home with animals, claimed to have a "way" and consequently evinced no dread of her bellicose guardian. A brief conference ensued, between Cecil and Teddy, the outcome of which was, that the latter adopted a more sanguine tone and the former turned to his mistress. Elfin eyes were the thing that struck you first. Dark, dangerous ones, full of mischief, and purposeful. Her attitude, of course, bordered on the picturesque because she was posing.

She introduced herself as Kitty Newton and explained that she had recently tumbled from a horse. That the many-adjectived animal had gone and left her in this awful predicament. Stated emphatically that she had yelled, and yelled!

She really didn't look "injured" a bit, albeit a rather disconsolate face was smeared with gravel — and saucy.

"And — now Mr. — er — er Harding?" concluded the find.

Harding bowed.

"Daddy told me," it vouchsafed and paused.

The silence was eloquent. It said, "Now Cecil, be sociable, it's up to you." But Cecil was candidly "peevied."

"Isn't there anyone hereabouts, who could help me?" he asked. "I—I—really don't think I could manage— myself."

"Oh, gee!" rejoined Miss Newton, fluffing her hair—"Gosh!"

"Look here, madam," he exclaimed, oblivious of the incongruity of madaming a Modern Edition. "You—You don't think I'm going to *carry* you home, do you?"

"No, Mr. Harding," answered Kitty simply, "I don't. But might I suggest the—er—feasibility of standing you on my hind legs." And she smirked.

Cecil scouted the notion; but met the contingency in the only way possible, bent down and raised her in his arms, face to face, mouth to mouth, the elfin eyes fixed whimsically on his own.

The nearness Kitty manoeuvred. She hung limply on his arm, quivering, whispering, "Oh, Mr. Hard—ing, I'm going to faint! Oh, I'm—" and her head sunk luxuriously on his shoulder showing her pale face to its utmost advantage in the deepening twilight.

How he ever managed to drag her along I can't imagine nor can Harding explain. He had visions of a soft hand placed negligently on his neck, over his collar, notions of a slender waist encircled by his arm.

They were still far, far, from the end of her vocabulary and imagination, when Cecil espied to his immense delight the outward manifestation of the Ailing Power, accompanied by Ada and Reggie.

"Hello Cecil!" hailed Tillboy. What's the good word?" — then suddenly aware of his daughter: "Well, well, lass, what's in the air now?"

"Nothing Daddy," she answered derisively, "nothing at all, except dust. Mr. Harding —" she paused to whisper, "Gee you look comical Cecil! — Daddy fancy! Mr. Harding's got an opening for flappers so I'm trying to vamp him!"

For the second time in his life Cecil was candidly peeved. He felt he had been duped, outwitted, hoaxed, fooled from the outset, and he could have very cheerfully have torn Kitty limb from limb, for the humiliation of it. Instead of retaining an easy sang-froid, undoubtedly the wisest course, and one which, in the ordinary run of events, Harding would have pursued; he turned abruptly on his heel and,

heedless alike of the remonstrances of Tillboy, or the fervent protestations of Kitty, was soon back at his desk seeking oblivion in "Objections to Marriage."

On Monday morning Cecil's mail contained a small, curious, pink scented missive, directed in a bold hand. He had misgivings about the wisdom of perusing it, but curiosity "won out."

"Dear Mr. Harding," it ran, "I'm terribly sure you'll never forgive me, after yesterday, but wouldn't it be just ripping — and magnanimous if you did."

"I'm very, very, very sirry, and I'm willing to go any length to prove I am. And Reggie and I swear we'll never plan a practical on you again as long as we live, true, true."

"Daddy's so certain you've taken the huff, that he's cut my allowance and literally starves me at meals, till you assure him he's away out."

"In order to prove the above person errs and reinstates me in the will, etc., won't you please drop over for a tennis party on Friday and receive from your flapper's despised lips her sincere regrets, I am,

Your, Kitty.

P. S. Now *do* come up to the scratch, and *don't* behave like a bed-time story."

In its way it was an innovation. During the entire day Cecil digested a new viewpoint, figuratively balanced a mental ledger, cast the residue of a worthless theory to the winds, and started off on a fresh furrow with the latest in ploughs. The drift was soon evident. That evening the orifice for his anti-connubial emotions ceased to function — permanently. His mentality, although backed by the usual quality of Stag "lay down on the job," childishly refusing to sponsor a single paragraph. "Inducements" in the guise of Kitty Newton mocked him out of elfin eyes, in a way that was delicious to be mocked. And Cecil soon found him-

self nodding wearily over a column of, now stale "Objections." At length he threw down his pen, in disgust, and went around the block for air and inspiration. The latter came, as it always does, un-awares, in the form of a rough little girl inaugurating her brother into the mysteries of the "survival of the fittest."

"Just you keep them paws off a me, Jimmie," she warned, "soil my pinnie and you'll see stars, you — you durned little bully!"

"Look here young lady—"

"Won't."

"No—eh? Well perhaps you'll tell us his grievance?"

"Mind your own B—*you*. You ain't my Pop. You're a Batch!"

"A what?"

"Yes, you is, Mumma says you is."

"Oh, I see," laughed Cecil, "A bachelor. You abbreviate, my dear. Well, well, so you don't care for baches eh? Why they're the real thing. Premier quality. They give little girls cents an' suckers an' ices—"

"They ain't—so!" 'Cause mumma says they's 'culiar, an' selfish an' oh! shut up. Go away, I wanna talk to Jimmie."

Cecil strolled off. Decidedly the world had aversion for celibates.

The following night he called Reggie on the 'phone.

"'Lo Rege, Cecil talking."

"Well, well," said the receiver warmly. "You're a nice one!"

Cecil coughed uncomfortably.

"I am that," he admitted frankly, "but I'm also the cat's whiskers when it comes to dames — now! I've reformed. Say, Rege, perhaps you'll let by-gones be by-gones and — come over and jabber!"

The tennis party proved a success, and a prelude to others, bearing more fanciful sobriquets, it is true, but closing invariably with jazz. At each Cecil was

a quiet participant. He "dolloed up" judiciously now, selected his suitings with a new-born intelligence which he called "tommy-rot." There was a radical change in his demeanor patent at a glance. When his co-workers at Katz & Co. Wholesale Clothiers, demanded the "good wood" as co-workers will, he was responsive, almost prolix. Love is certainly "a hang of a business."

Harding's sketch of the final episode is after Whistler — all outlines and indecision. He avers that he took a very trem-

bly little woman in his arms and kissed her, with trepidation, on the mouth — a new role for a bachelor. That he pointed out, simply, what a poor fish he'd proved, what a hang of a stew he'd been in since he started to love her, what a poor, bleeding, wounded, love-sick, wreck of a heart was parked in her vicinity—asked what his darling intended to do with it.

"Confiscate it Ces," says Kitty, with softness, "Provided you've no longer any 'Objections to Marriage.' "

A Pacific Voyage

By Miss Margaret Lochead, T.'26

It started from Shanghai away back in August. An early morning ride on a small launch took us out to the great grey "Empress of Asia" riding at anchor in the mouth of the river. She looked majestic, this floating palace that was to be our home for the next fifteen days. On ship board!—the thought sent a thrill all the way down my spine.

Getting settled in our little chintz-decorated cabin, finding a table with pink candles in the big white dining saloon, exploring and getting lost — well the first day on the Island Sea passed before I realized it. I hadn't been seasick either. After dinner we found our way to the lounge with its huge fire-place, comfortable chairs, alcoves and nooks. A Philippino orchestra was manufacturing pep in one corner, some boys looking for partners in an other, and a perfectly good floor just waiting to be used. It didn't take long to make friends in that atmosphere.

The next morning the most popular resort seemed to be the writing room. I heard one man say "My! I never knew I had so many friends — look at the pile of mail I have to answer!" The boat must carry on a large export and import trade in letters, judging from the number I saw passing through the wicket of the purser's office.

Japan seems to be guarded by a flotilla of islands, — picturesque little dots on the ocean's blue. Islands with ragged pine, dark against the sky-line, a grey bungalow tucked in a fold of green, on terraced rice fields. Surely some fairy queen will stamp her foot in righteous indignation, and this ironclad, intruding monster will melt away into foam. But she let us pass, and we arrived at Nagasaki before sunset—Nagasaki the home of Madame Butterfly. We anchored in this cup-shaped harbour, all is quiet, the summer night is heavy with perfume, and the August moon casts a spell over the

whole surface of the water . The beauty of it all nearly takes your breath away.

Kobe, Shimidzee and then Yokohama are our ports of call. Yokohama is Tokyo's harbour, the largest and most important Japanese port. We stay over a day, so there is plenty of time for trips to Tokyo to visit the mikado's palace and grounds. To see the sacred Fujiyama, and to visit old Budda at Kamakura. In Yokohama itself, effects of the earthquake are very apparent, buildings still in ruins, temporary shacks and open spaces. But the Japanese are gradually re-building and trade is flourishing. The shop windows are a large blaze of colours and temptations — kimonas, silks, beads, lacquer ware, all the curios that attract the tourist's eye and cash.

Our boat pulls out from the harbour with a display of coloured streamers and a flutter of white handkerchiefs. We are breaking our ties with the East, the East with its clinging customs and traditions, and launching out into the deep for nine solid days.

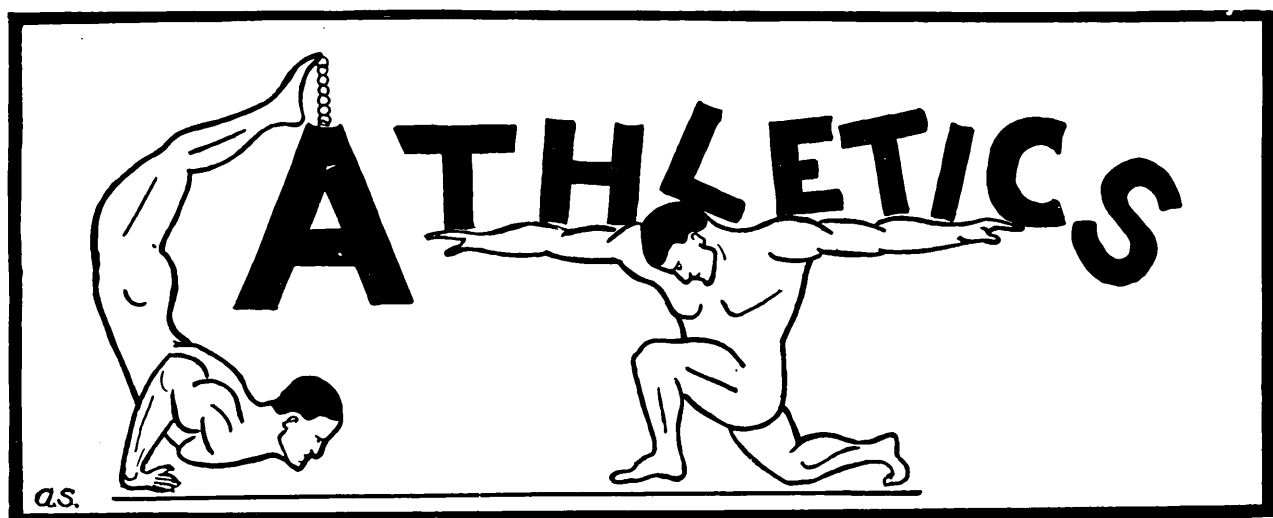
The first change is in temperature. The officers and sailors come out in their dark uniforms, and summer clothes suddenly look extremely out of place. Deck

games get under way, tennis, hockey, quoits and shuffle board. It is remarkable how a fast game of tennis can warm you up, even in the Arctic circle. Walking is a favourite pastime. Seven times around the promenade deck is a mile. There's a wonderful exhilaration in swinging along those clean wide decks with a fresh sea breeze blowing in your face.

Indoors there is a fairly good library and many comfortable nooks in which to read or talk as the spirit moves you. A piano in the lounge, and card tables in the "smoker." No matter what your hobby or pet diversion is, you can find an outlet for it. The orchestra played nearly every night and we had moving pictures three evenings a week. A sport's day and a masquerade added greatly to the enjoyment of some and the amusement of others.

Then one morning we woke up. Land! Canada, pines and rocks and sunshine. We slip along with the soft swish of water; the boat itself seems pervaded with a feeling of suppressed excitement. Victoria and Vancouver — the end, or is it only the beginning? East, West, after all home is best!





— MACDONALD (8) —
SHERBROOKE (1)

Saturday, October the seventeenth, the Macdonald Rugby squad won the opening game of the season; when it accepted the challenge of the Sherbrooke City Team, victors in two previous encounters this fall. Both teams showed fine condition, plenty of enthusiasm, clean sportsmanship, and an abundance of grit and game fighting spirit, that made it either team's game from the first blow of the whistle.

The visitors tallied first with a rouge in five minutes closely followed by one for Macdonald. Quarter time gave Macdonald the wind and consequently a chance to open up a bit resulting in a hard-earned touchdown when the ball was carried over the line by Harrison. The touch was not converted.

The third period brought out some heavy line work, the home team ploughing down the length of the field but failing to score. Playing with the wind again in the final quarter O'Sullivan accounted for two more rouges, one a drop kick that just went wide of the posts.

The mainstay of the Sherbrooke squad was its solid line, a heavy-line plunger, and the fastest half-back seen on the Macdonald campus in years, whilst the local team owes its victory to the snappy tackling of 'Red O'Sullivan's, well-placed kicks and Bob Millinchamp's good work as quarter, all backed up by consistent team work under Captain Harrison. Nor must we forget to include the lusty support of 'Champ' Perrault's "thundering thousand," the largest and liveliest rooting section developed at Macdonald within our memory.

The Macdonald line-up:

Hicks—flying wing.
West—right outside.
Cooke—left outside.
McCatcheck—left middle.
Paige —right middle.
Bennett—left inside.
Tait—right inside.
O'Sullivan—centre half.
Millinchamp—quarter.

O'Sullivan—centre half.
Rowell—right half.
Subs: Muir, Pope, Marshall, McMaster, Cossmann.



GIRLS' FIELD DAY

Notwithstanding the fact, that owing to unfavorable weather conditions the number of contestants and spectators was not as great as had been expected, the Girls' Annual Field Day, held on Monday, October 12th was a real success.

To those members of the staff who so ably filled the various posts of officials,

our thanks are due.

There follows a list of awards and their winners:

"Mac's —won by Misses J. Hartnell, M. McMaster, and M. Nixon.

Green and Gold Bars—Won by Misses F. Bourne and C. LeBaron.

Miss J. Hartnell, having twice won a "Mac" is now entitled to an "M."

Events	Winners	Time or Distance.
100 yds. dash—	{ 1. M. McMaster 2. F. Barclay 3. J. Hartnell	13 seconds.
220 yds.—	{ 1. E. LeBaron 2. B. Beach	34 1-5 seconds.
Relay—	{ M. McMaster J. Hartnell	
(1) Teachers-vs. Teachers.	{ M. Nixon. F. Bourne	
(2) Science vs. Science	{ D. Boyce A. Reid M. Wilson M. Taylor	
(3) Teachers vs. Science	{ M. McMaster J. Hartnell M. Nixon F. Bourne	
Wheelbarrow Race	{ 1. H. Kettyle and S. Black 2. M. Patterson and N. Mills 3. E. Whyte and O. Graham	
Three-Legged Race	{ 1. R. Anherst and M. Taylor 2. S. Black and H. Kettyle 3. E. LeBaron and L. Williams.	
Cloak room race	{ 1. J. Hartnell 2. M. Duggan 3. S. Ward	
Jumps—	{ 1. J. Hartnell	
Standing Broad	{ 2. E. LeBaron 3. M. McMaster M. Nixon F. Bourne	6 ft. 11 in. (Previous record broken)
Running High —	{ 3. M. McMaster M. Nixon 2. J. Hartnell F. Bourne.	3 ft. 8 1-2 in.

Hop, Step & Jump	1. J. Hartnell	26 ft. 5 in.
	2. A. Newman	
	F. Bourne	
Running Broad.—	1. McMaster.	11 ft. 11 in.
	2. M. Nixon	
	3. E. LeBaron	
Basketball Throw —	1. J. Hartnell	62 ft. 5 in.
	2. M. Taylor	
	3. O. Graham	
Tug-of-war—	Science.	

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The following girls have been elected as officers of the Girls' Athletic Association:—

President—Miss M. McMaster.
 Vice-President—Miss B. Beach.
 Treasurer —Miss M. Veith.
 Secretary—Miss N. McCully.
Representatives from Teachers—
 Section A—Miss Harknell.

Section B—Miss MacLagan.

Section C—Miss Stewart.

Section D—Miss LeBaron.

Representatives from Household Science and Agriculture.

Senior Ads—Miss McKay.

Junior Ads.—Miss M. Brown.

B. H. S. 3rd Year—Miss B. Coates.

B. H. S. 4th Year—Miss H. Parker.

Agriculture—Miss Russell.

Homemakers—Miss Barclay.



The Rugby Squad



A Glimpse of Spanish Agriculture

By C. Harvest, Agr. '28

Spain, like Canada, is primarily an agricultural country; her people have always preferred farm life to factory life. They look down on trade as a plebeian mode of making a living that is unworthy of a nation of gentlefolk, and regard as an honorable calling any occupation in direct connection with the land. Nevertheless, the prosperity of Spanish agriculture is much more the result of naturally favourable conditions of the soil and climate than of enterprise.

Nearly the whole of Spain, unlike Canada, is divided into large estates whose landlords are extremely wealthy. This is chiefly because labor is very cheap, 30c a day being considered as quite good pay. In the North, where there is an abundance of rain, corn is extensively grown. On the Central Castilian plateau, wheat is the chief crop, while in the East, in the old provinces of Cataluna, Aragon and Murcia, and in Andalucia, that romantic province of the South, an abundance of southern fruits is produced, such as oranges, lemons, citrons, pomegranates, dates, melons and grapes. Other crops are rice, sugar-canes and vegetables of all kinds; in the neighborhood of Valencia, there are extensive tracts planted with mulberry trees, but these are of minor importance.

Corn flourishes in the north of Spain.

The principal farm implements used in the cultivation of this grain are the wooden plow, a pickaxe, a two-pronged fork, and flails for threshing. It is sown in May and the early part of June in straight lines, and is plowed or trodden in with the foot. July is the busy season for weeding, and in August or September comes the harvest, but toil during this period is relieved by numerous rural festivities, in which dancing is the most popular form of rejoicing.

The eastern and south-eastern regions form the paradise of the "Naranjales," or orange grounds, and of the lemon groves. The orange trees constitute one of the most picturesque sights in the whole country. To walk among the "Naranjales" in March, when they are in full bloom, is like wandering through an enchanted fairyland. Orange trees begin to bear after the sixth year; they improve up to the age of twenty, after which they become more and more degenerate. The harvest lasts from October to March, and it often happens that one sees young leaves, blossoms and fruit at one and the same time on the same tree.

The grape vine grows in all parts of Spain, but flourishes best in the south. In almost every village you can buy several bunches of grapes of good quality for a cent.

Sherry is made from Jerez grapes, which are of several varieties and flavors. Let us go into the Jerez vineyards and from these follow up the process of sherry making. The grapes are picked and carefully sorted, and are then spread out on reed mats to dry in the sun. They are then taken to some nearby centre where the pressing operations are conducted; and before they find their way into an artificial crusher they are pressed by being trampled underfoot. The juice is then put into vats where it is left to ferment.

The manufacture of olive oil is another important industry. In the central and northern districts, the olives are picked in November and December; in the south they are gathered in the fall. The berries are sun-dried a little, then crushed in a primitive stone-mill which is operated by a mule. The oil is then strain-

ed and purified before being shipped to all parts of the world.

The agricultural implements in general use are very primitive, and the methods of cultivation are far behind the scientific times of the agricultural world at large. True, a general spirit of progress is now influencing Spanish ideas and practices, but the consequent changes are demonstrated by individuals rather than by the populace, by localities rather than by the nation at large. In agriculture, for instance, some modern innovations have certainly been made; there are some Government model farms and agricultural schools; agricultural exhibitions are held, and modern farm implements are imported. But such progressive assertions are only found in isolated examples. It is the rule rather than the exception for Nature to get any assistance from man producing the Spanish harvests.



Pedigree

By WM. LEVINE

"Look at that new one," cackled one old hen to another, "doesn't she think a lot of herself!" "I'll soon——." "You'd better not," cautioned the other, "she looks strong and active; besides she seems inclined to be friendly. Let's have a talk with her first."

So they leisurely crossed the floor, and after taking a few morsels besides the new-comer, they started the conversation with, "Where do you come from?" "I," replied the other impressively, "come from a real farm, a poultry farm. There we know everything about ourselves." "Everything?" echoed the listeners. "Yes. What do you know about your parents? About yourselves? "Do tell us about yourself," was the sarcastic reply. "I will."

"Two days after I first saw light, which was on the second of April, I was taken out, with a lot of others, from a stuffy little room. It is called an incubator. "Here are the ones from 101" I heard the man say, referring to my two sisters, three brothers, and myself; for we were all together in a small wire basket. A narrow, numbered band of metal was then curled about my leg, and I was allowed to mix with the others. This number was written down, so that my parentage could be looked up at any time.

We were then taken to a clean, warm house, and allowed to run on some shavings. Most of us, however, stayed near the brooder stove. By this time some of us were hungry, and what a noise we did make! But we did not get anything more than warm water, sour skim milk and fine grit for three days. Then we received ground eggs, milk and mash, but there never seemed to be quite enough.

By the time we were three weeks old

most of us had grown considerably, though, a few had died. The small bands were taken off our legs, and put through one of our wings. It really didn't hurt, why! there wasn't even any blood.

As you know, our brothers grow faster than weeds, so when we were about five weeks old they were separated from us; this gave us a better chance to feed, and we began to grow rapidly. Our house was moved to a larger green field, and there most of us were left until September 15th. I was then five and a half months old and had already laid a few eggs.

When we were brought in from the range we were first divided into lots according to our parentage. This was done to make it easier to compare the development of the individuals in the different families. All those whose mothers had failed to lay at least 150 eggs, together with the immature, weak or deformed, were put in a fattening crate. My mother had laid 287 eggs, so I was left to run with my sisters and cousins. A large, numbered band was then placed on our left leg, and we were put in a fresh, sunny pen.

In these houses we were 'trap-nested.' A trap-nest is so arranged that when a bird enters she is automatically held a prisoner until someone lets her out. He then writes the leg band number on the egg. We found out later that he gave us credit for every egg we laid, and made a note of its color, shape and size. At first we did not like these boxes and tried to lay on the floor, but a man came along and put us in them. We soon began to like those clean nests, and went to lay there every time.

"When your master came and saw me," continued the pullet, "he wanted me as a 'breeder.' So he bought me, for I had good breeding behind me: my mother had laid 287 eggs, and my father's mother had made a record of 263 eggs. I am not of common stock like most farm hens.' And with that parting shot she turned away.

* * *

While pedigree breeding has been in vogue for a long time, a great impetus was given that work in Canada in 1919, when the Record of Performance for Poultry (R. O. P.) was established. This was the official certification of private trap-nest records, together with a system of pedigree breeding for the progeny of the qualifying birds. That the idea 'took' with the breeders may be seen by the fact that in the first year 67 breeders entered 4,436 birds, while in 1925-26 — only six years later — 194 breeders entered a total of 21,450.

To qualify for an R. O. P. Certificate a bird must lay at least 150 eggs, and pass the tests on size of egg, standard breed qualities, and freedom from disease; if she lays over 225 eggs in 52 consecutive weeks she will receive the R. O. P. Advanced Certificate.

The value of this work cannot be better emphasized than by a comparison of the per cent of birds entered which qualified for certification in the year 1919-20 with that of 1923-24, this being the last year for which figures are as yet avail-

able. We find that in five years the percentage has increased from 17.2 to 31 for those receiving the R. O. P. Certificate, and from 1.8 to 10.4 for the Advanced R. O. P. Certificate. This means that the average production of the R. O. P. flocks has risen considerably. In those five years a total of 17,430 qualified, of which number 3,453 were advanced R. O. P. birds. Their progeny is certain to have a marked effect on Canadian poultry.

It was but a logical step to proceed from the pedigreeing and certification of pullets to that of cockerels, since the males bear a most important part in breeding, and the sale of such recognized stock forms a good source of revenue for the breeder. Therefore a policy known as the 'Approval and Banding of R. O. P. Cockerels' was started in 1924. These cockerels are pedigreed and later passed upon by R. O. P. inspectors on their standard and production qualities. It is as yet too early to know the extent and results of this work.

The men in charge of this poultry work are confident that it will help to advertise the better strains of birds, do away with the slacker hen, and give us more uniform flocks throughout the Dominion. This Record of Performance policy too should prove a great opportunity for the intelligent poultryman, as in addition to the home market there is the increasing demand from the United States, and even Europe, for such pedigreed stock.



Faculty Items

Dr. F. C. Harrison, as one of the representatives of McGill University attended the Conference of Canadian Universities at Halifax, June 2nd to 4th.

On Sept. 22nd. Principal Harrison addressed a conference of lobster packers at Charlottetown, P. E. I., on: "Bacteria in Relation to Canning."

Mr. W. J. Tawse attended the Convention of the Vegetable Growers' Association of America at Providence, R. I., Sept. 14th to 18th. Following the Convention Mr. Tawse spent a day at the Rhode Island Experimental Station, the guest of Dr. Burt Hartwell. And also a day at Boston visiting the market gardens and greenhouse plants and the Waltham Field Station.

Miss B. M. Philp attended the annual Convention of the American Dietetics Association held in Chicago, October 12th to 15th. A number of valuable and interesting papers were given on various phases of nutritional work by men and women prominent in educational, hospital and commercial fields. Dr. Carlson and Miss Lydia Roberts of the University of Chicago, Dr. Mary Schwartz Rose of Columbia University, Dr. ChiChi Wang of Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, Dr. H. H. Fellows of Cornell Medical College and Dr. McEachran, President of the American Hospital Association were among the speakers.

Mr. W. A. Maw attended the conventions of the International Baby Chick Association and the American Association of Instructors and Investigators in Poultry Husbandry at Kansas City, Mo., and Manhattan, Kan., respectively during August. He also visited the Univer-

sities of Kansas, Wisconsin, Illinois, and Indiana while en route.

Miss M. W. Cruise attended the summer session at the University of Chicago, taking advanced work in Nutrition and Institutional Marketing.

Miss Dorothy M. Newton has returned to Macdonald as a member of the staff in the Department of Botany.

Miss A. V. C. Kerr, M. A. honour graduate of Edinburgh University, Scotland in History and who took her professional training at Cambridge, England is a new member of the High School staff.

Miss M. Smith, Mac. '22, has returned as French Specialist in the High School.

Miss Hilda Fowlie attended the University of Vermont during the summer session taking courses in Art and the Philosophy of Education.

Miss V. B. Ramsay of Dundee, Scotland has joined the High School teaching staff.

Mr. H. S. Cooke, B. A., gold medalist in Mathematics at Macdonald in 1918, honour graduate at Queens in '23 in English and French, winner also of a gold medal in the latter subject, is the new Principal of the High School. Mr. Cooke was also a medallist for second Proficiency at Macdonald in 1918.

Miss Margaret Burroughs has been appointed Dietitian in charge of the College Dining Department.

Miss M. Brackett late of the Physical Education Department here, has accepted a senior post in a large school in London, England.

Miss Phyllis Clarke has joined the staff of the Sun Life Assurance Com-

pany, Montreal as Dietitian in charge of the dining department.

Miss Evelyn Smith, a member of the Household Science Staff 1919-1920, has been appointed to the Staff of the University of Illinois, Urbana, Ill., and assumed her duties with the opening of the 1925-26 session. Miss Smith has charge of the work in Institution Economics.

Miss C. M. Sutton, whilst in England during the summer, was present at York Minster at the unveiling of the Empire War Memorial to Women. Forty-five names of Canadian Women were among those listed.

The following members of the teaching staff received advanced degrees at the June and October convocations at McGill University: A. D. Baker, M. Sc.; E. A. Lods, M. S. A.; T. C. Vanterpool, M. Sc.; Alexander Zoond, M. Sc.

Mr. T. C. Vanterpool has been granted the Hudson's Bay Company Fellowship at the University of Manitoba for the session 1925-26.

Miss Frances B. Adams has joined the staff of the School of Household Science as assistant to Miss Jarvis.

Dr. J. F. Snell attended the Annual Convention of Canadian Chemists, held at the Ontario Agricultural College in June. This Convention was held under the joint auspices of the Society of Chemical Industry and the Canadian Institute of Chemistry. Dr. Snell is Secretary-Treasurer of the Quebec Section of the Institute and Chairman of the Program Committee of the Montreal Section of the Society.

Dr. J. B. McCarthy visited Nova Scotia in June on private business.

Mr. W. A. DeLong, Assistant in Chemistry, spent his vacation (in August) at his home in Nova Scotia. Mr. DeLong is taking graduate work in Biochemistry in McGill.

Mr. W. P. Uercival, M. A. has resigned his position as Lecturer in Mathematics in the School for Teachers. This position has been filled by the appointment of Miss A. Irene Chapman, M. A. Miss Chapman was graduated in Arts with the degree of B. A. in 1922 from Mount Allison University, N. B., and obtained honors in Mathematics. She has also attended Teachers College, Columbia University, and received her M. A. in June 1925. Her courses at Columbia University were chiefly those on the Teaching of Arithmetic, Algebra, Geometry, and Mathematics generally. She also attended one summer session at Harvard University in connection with the Teaching of Junior High School Mathematics.

Dr. H. D. Brunt took the July-August three weeks' trip to the Pacific Coast conducted by Dean Laird over the C. P. R. His admiration of the scenery was only equalized by his realization of the possibilities and problems of a Canadian Nation. It does not yet exist—Geography is against us; economic forces are not pulling in that direction—can spiritual forces overcome the other? It will be an interesting quarter century to 1950.

Mr. and Mrs. F. G. North are to be congratulated on their marriage which took place at Hamilton, Ontario, on August twenty-second at the home of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. C. Seivright.



Class Reorganizations

POST-GRADUATE CLASS

As a Macdonald graduate, I take great pleasure in welcoming my fellow classmates, who are for the first time enjoying the privilege of studying here. I trust that they will find satisfaction and enjoyment in their studies, as well as congenial companionship.

The eighteen members of the Graduate Class come from the nine Provinces of the Dominion; so that we represent in some measure the trend of agricultural thought and practice throughout Canada. We all realize that we will derive considerable benefit through our association by the exchange of different views and opinions.

We would like to express our appreciation of the generosity of W. C. Macdonald Inc. and the Department of Agriculture, Quebec, in providing scholarships by means of which many of us are enabled to continue our studies.

At the first regular meeting of the Post-Graduate Class the following officers were elected for the first term—
 Hon. President.—Dr. F. C. Harrison.
 Hon. Vice-Pres.—Dr. B. T. Dickson.
 President—K. E. Stewart.
 Sec-Treas.—H. Hill.

RE-ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '26

When the veterans returned for their last struggle they found yet another of their number had withdrawn. As in past years the ranks have again been filled; this time by two of the fair sex.

With the characteristic enthusiasm and determination of our past years we have confidently undertaken the heavier burdens which befall all seniors, and the

present spirit augurs well for a successful year.

At a meeting held Oct. 5th the following officers were elected:

Hon. Pres. Dr. Harrison.
 Vice. Pres.—Dr. Dickson.
 President—Steve Walford.
 Vice-Pres.—Dave Walker
 Sec.—Paul Cossman
 Treas.—William Levine.

AGRICULTURE '27

When the Junior rally sounded at the commencement of the College year 1925-26, it was found that two faces were missing from the ranks, yet five new men had joined Class '27.

At a meeting of the class, the following were elected as class officers:—

Hon. President—Mr. S. R. N. Hodgins.
 Hon. Vice-Pres.—Dr. J. B. McCarthy.
 President—A. J. Hicks.
 Sec'y. Treas.—C. C. Macdougall.

REORGANIZATION OF CLASS '28

With the regretted exception of McCunn, one of our Freshman Year stalwarts, all of the old class have again registered in full strength for the present session. In addition, our numbers are enriched by two new members, and with such a personnel, we stand fair to eclipse even the attainments of the past year. It has been noticed that several of our number have already taken advantage of the excellent social opportunities afforded by the college, and this is in itself a hopeful sign.

The following officers have been elected—

Honorary President,— Dr. Dickson.

Hon. Vice-President—Professor Quayle.
 President—G. Tait.
 Vice-President—E. Paige.
 Secretary-Treasurer—V. Dawson.

ORGANIZATION OF CLASS '29

Ameeka, macka, hoppa, tacka

Halla kanu kanic kanaka

Sis - boom - bah

Agriculture '29, rah rah rah!

Arrayed in our green and gold caps, for the first few days we wandered aimlessly around the college, meditating on the heartlessness of the sophomores and of the world in general. Now, however, we have all found our feet — and our partners for the dance I hope! — and are entering into college life with enthusiasm. We have nothing to be ashamed of in our Field Day results, as we at present lead on points for the class cups and hope for the best in the deciding two-mile race.

Following the example of our worthy predecessors, class '28, we have drawn our ranks from many countries including Canada, England, Ireland, Barbados and Trinidad, nor are we restricted to boys alone, but have the pleasure of a

'freshette' in our midst.

Officers:—

Hon. Pres.—Dr. J. B. McCarthy.

Hon. Vice-Pres.—Mr. W. J. Tawse.

Pres.—Robert Holcombe

Vice-Pres.—R. Richards.

Sec.-Treas.—N. B. McMaster.

Senior Ads—

Pres.—Eleanor Sutherland.

Sec.-Treas.—Pat O'Reilly.

S. C. A.—Maud McLellan.

Athletics—Helen MacKay.

Junior Ads.—

Pres.—Orma Graham.

Sec. Treas.—Helen Husban.

S. C. A.—Mathilde Smith.

Athletics—Mildred Brown.

Home-Makers—

Pres.—Margaret Wilson.

Vice-Pres.—Mina Tweedie.

Treas.—Mary Humphrey.

Sec.—Ruth Akhurst.

Athletics—Adria Barclay.

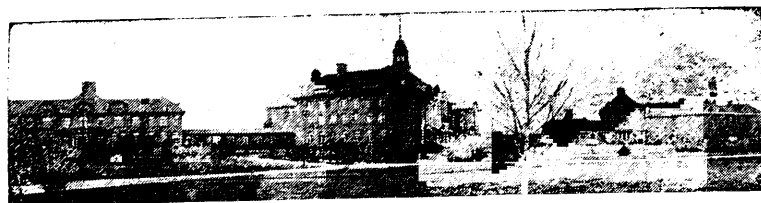
III B. H. S.—

Pres.—Jean Kyle.

Sec.-Treas.—Emma O'Dell.

S. C. A.—Iris Nichols.

Athletics—B. Coates.



Science Alumnae

Another year has passed. Again "Mac" has sent out her daughters full of knowledge of things pertaining to Household Science, and ambition to reach the highest attainment to which their training has entitled them, and so they have scattered far and wide.

From gleanings which we have been fortunate to get we learn that:—

Clara Farrell spent two months at Burnham Hall, Norway Bay, then went to the Thousand Islands to "recuperate" after such vigorous work, and finally went to N. Y. Presbyterian Hospital, where she is at present.

Gwen Taylor undertook the management of Burnham Hall, and was entirely successful. She came to "Mac" for a few hours one Saturday in September. She is going to the Johns Hopkins Hospital in November.

Jean McCrimmon has been in Toronto General since last June, working very hard.

Muriel Moffat has been at Montreal General and has also been out to see us.

Ruth Rorke worked "hard" at Norway Bay until August, then went to the Montreal General. She says she loves her work.

Grace McKimmon spent the summer at the seashore, and has become engaged. So that's that!

Nan Argue has been at the Western Division of Montreal General, she has also been here since College opened.

Laura Beattie has spent the summer at Port Nichols and is now taking special courses at "Western," London.

Isabelle Findlay went on a visit until the end of August, then returned to Calgary where she is at present.

Jo Fraser has been at Rhode Island Hospital, Providence since June. She liked the work but not the summer heat.

Margaret Gardner is at Ottawa Civic Hospital.

Leslie Bryant spent summer at her home in Halifax, and is now in the Toronto General.

Amy Wilkinson and Eleanor Beard are at Mount Sinai, New York.

Bea Adams and Fanny Knapp are back again, in a different capacity it is true, and one which we envy, but it is very nice to see them. Bea is doing extension work and Fanny is taking her pupil dietitian course.

Winnifred Honey has been at Ottawa at the Experimental Farm there.

Eileen Major and Mavis Brethour are taking pupil dietitian courses at Hartford, Conn.

Marion Arkley has realized her ambition and is in Philadelphia.

Annie Smith stayed at Norway Bay, helping Jean Taylor until August, then went to B. C. She is coming back soon, when we hope to see her again.

Connie Henderson is at home, and is coming to Montreal General 15th December, while Marion Mackay is in New York.

Eileen Shaw, Phil Johnson and "Barda" Burton have been out to "Mac" since term started. Eileen spent an enjoyable summer at Victoria and is now in Montreal.

Phil and Barda are also living in Montreal.

Millie Hibbard is coming back after Christmas to finish the Homemaker course.

Hester Spriggs has been attending

lectures at the Miss Parker School in Montreal, and comes over to play ground hockey sometimes.

Carmie McConnel, Marjorie Golden, Marg. Houlihan, Ada Fanjoy, Theo Hamilton, Kay Peters and Margaret Cowan are peacefully (?) planning sched-

ules and budgets at home, while Muriel Carsley has returned from a trip to Europe, leaving Ruth behind.

Fannie Humphrey has come back to take the short course, and Marjorie Fraser, who was a Junior Ad. in 1923, has come for her Senior Year.

Teachers' Alumni

Having learned that Clare Jamieson T'24 went abroad last summer, makes the present Teachers' Class hopeful that our profession is a more paying one than we have been led to believe.

We have positive proof of the importance of our Rugby matches, when Isobel Scott '24 and Edna Mouli '22 chose October 17th particularly to visit our fair college.

Among the visitors in September and October were Jean Lambly '24, Claire Campbell '23 and Isobel Ross '25. We wonder if we will be so anxious to return that we will rush out in the first month of the session 1926-27.

Miss Whitehouse and Miss Hutchison, Kindergarten '24, both gave demonstrations at the Convention.

A successful memory work lesson was taught at the Teachers' Convention by Miss Gladys Rowland '23.

Miss Muriel Helleur '23 was married on October 21st to Mr. Aubrey Earle. The newly-weds will reside on Victoria Avenue, Westmount.

It is too early in the season to be certain of the whereabouts of all our last year's class, but we have managed to find out where a few of our old girls are teaching; and we hope that in a later issue we may have more news items covering the class of 1925.

Florence La Pointe (last year's medalist) is teaching in Maisonneuve School.

Miss Bremner, Kind. '25 is teaching in Victoria School.

Rita Behm '25 is teaching in Leinlow, P. Q.

Beryl Thorne '24 is teaching in Berthel School.

Rita Norman '24 is teaching in Lome School.

Mary MacLeod is teaching in Ste. Thérèse.

Marion Rohrer and Marion Stock are teaching in Herbert Simons School.

Ethel Berry and Effie Lewthwaite are teaching in Fairmount School.

Marjorie Imison and Mona Eades are teaching in Verdun.

Florence Cole is teaching in Rushbrooke School.

Ruth Cullen is teaching in La Salle Rd. School.

Rena Fair is teaching in New Richmond, P. Q.

Pearl Gallant is teaching in Shigawaka, P. Q.

Jean Horne, is teaching in Pointe Claire, P. Q.

Mr. J. Jacobson is teaching in New Carlisle.

Hazel Mulholland is teaching in Grenville, P. Q.

Margaret Wilson, Kindergarten,

Agricultural Undergraduates

Art Heslop formerly of class '23 is now enjoying the many and varied experiences of being a member of class '27. His option is a severely selective one with a leaning toward the avian species.

Raeburn McCunn of class '28 has transferred from the sublime to the ridiculous—he is now studying law at Dalhousie. Although Mac will be missed at our Saturday night entertainments the hockey team feel that they have lost a hard-working forward. All Macdonald students will wait for the future B. C. L. to settle their disputes. Good luck Mac.

K. T. Little '26 and tentatively '27 contracted fever of the typhoid variety and is now in isolation for the required period of six weeks. This undesirable acquisition of Ken's will prevent, in all probability, his reappearance at Mac this fall.

Ian Hay formerly of class '26 is one

of the prominent and prosperous farmers of Lachute. We understand that Mr. Hay is taking an active part in fraternal organizations in his home town. Look to the East Ian!

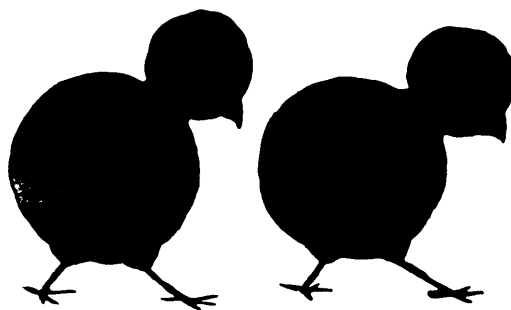
Gerard Massue '26 is still singing:

"I pine for thee and balsam,

So spruce up a little and come.

We hope to have a visit from Gerard this fall.

Herbert Mills of class '26 believes that a man should have an occupation for which he is built, and as a tree surgeon expects that his exceeding shortness will be of material assistance. Shorty says that he hasn't smiled at a girl since he left Mac, but that he is registered at the Davey Institute of Tree Surgery which is next door to a State Normal that has three thousand girl students, so we confidently expect that he will make up this deficiency. Mac. students warn you to be careful Shorty!



Reorganization Of The "Lit"

The first meeting of the Student Body saw the beginning of this year's "Lit;" the election of honorary-officers and officers. An improvement was made as regards the executive, by the introduction of managers for playing, debating and "contests" departments.

These three activities formerly depended upon the efforts of the 'Lit' president alone. Steve Walford, the president, before accepting nominations, made various suggestions to the student body concerning persons he thought best fitted for these offices.

The final voting resulting in the election of Dr. Brunt and Dr. DuPorte as Honorary President and Honorary Vice-President respectively.

First Vice-President Miss Enright and Second Vice-President Miss Taylor, with Philip Fernau, Secretary-Treasurer.

Miss Parker — who was keenly interested in the Society last year—was selected manager of the plays and play reading. Richard Cooper and C. J. Perreault were elected as managers of debating and contests.

The dates of the oncoming events—which may be changed later—were decided upon at a subsequent meeting of the executive.

Elocutionary Contest—Thurs. Nov. 5.

Junior-Senior Debate—Wed. Dec. 2.

First finished play—Sat. Dec. 5th.

Freshman-Sophomore debate — Wed. Jan. 20.

Teacher-Science debate—Wed. Feb. 17.

Robertson-Shield debate.—Wed. Feb. 24.

Second Play—Sat. March 5.

Public Speaking Contest—Wed. March 10.

It might be interesting to readers to know the difference between the Elocutionary and Public Speaking Contests. The former is a means for proving talent in recitation the latter a test for originality and diction. In the latter the use of notes is allowed.

All the activities depend entirely on the efforts of members of the Student Body who are sufficiently interested to take part therein. It is the Society's aim "to develop the literary and public speaking talents (and we hope tastes) of its members."

Therefore those members who are interested in improving their faculties in this way are cordially invited to take part in the activities and so enjoy learning.

Phil. Fernau, Sec-Treas.

PLAY READING

The Players' Club of the Literary and Debating Society opened the season Wednesday evening October the fourteenth with a play-reading. Two plays were presented—

The Locked Chest—by John Masefield
Vigdis, played by Miss Gertrude O'Neil
Thord—Mr. Richard Cooper.

Ingiald, a lord, Mr. George Cooney.

Thorolf—Mr. Philip Ferneau.

Erik — Mr. E. Ste. Marie.

The Twelve Pound Look—By James M. Barrie.

Kate, played by Miss Helen Parker.

Lady Sims — Miss Ester England.

"Sir" Harry Sims—Mr. Steve Walford.

Tombes — Mr. Ralph Bennett.

Both plays were enthusiastically re-

ceived by a capacity audience in the Women's Reception Room. Encouraged by the success of this attempt, the "Lit,"

intends to present other plays to you at frequent intervals in more comfortable quarters.

Macdonald College Students' Christian Association

At a meeting of the Student Body, held on Tuesday, October 6, 1925, Mr. R. S. Bell, President of the S. C. A. explained the purpose and constitution of this organization for the benefit of all the newcomers, and then called for nominations for incoming officers for the session.

The officers elected were as follows:—
Honorary President—Rev. Cyril Adair.

Hon. Vice-President—Miss Russell.

President—Roy S. Bell.

First Vice-President—Miss M. McLellan.

Second Vice-President—Miss D. Billingsley.

Secretary-Treasurer—E. T. Bynoe.

The following Class Representatives have since been elected:—

School of Household Science—

Miss Daphne Boyce.

Miss Mathilde Smythe.

School for Teachers—

Miss Hope MacLagan.

Miss Evelyn Stewart.

Faculty of Agriculture—

Fourth Year—W. W. Walker—Miss Russell.

Third Year—N. Patterson—B. Montsevin.

Second Year—C. Harvest—N. Drummond.

First Year—N. B. McMaster—Miss Hawkes.

Sing songs under the auspices of the S. C. A. were amongst the first college activities of the year. These pleasant little get-together entertainments are held every second Sunday evening in the gymnasium of the Women's Residence, immediately after the church services. The hour spent in singing the more popular hymns has done much towards a spirit of fellowship amongst the students.

The S. C. A. annual reception in the Men's Gymnasium reached its goal in promoting acquaintances among the student body, and was considered to be the most successful held in recent years.

The S. C. A. demonstrated a true progressive spirit in the formation of weekly Bible Classes for both men and women. The first classes met in October and have since proved a great success. The Executive has made arrangements to bring the best-known speakers from Montreal before the two classes in a well-balanced programme throughout the winter months. The meetings are held in the two residences on Sunday mornings between ten and eleven o'clock and have so far brought out a gratifying number of students. Nevertheless, we hope to see many more present at the weekly Bible Class meetings before the end of the college session.

Wool Gathering

Many students study by sitting and poring over a text-book. But there is an insidious danger about such a method, and that is the facility with which the mind goes "wool-gathering." The eyes may still remain fixed on the book, they may even move backwards and forwards along the lines; but the mind is not concentrated on the meanings of the sentences at all: it is away with other things and other thoughts, in a reverie or "brown study" or in other forms of wandering wits.

Honesty. The student must be honest about the matter. As Sir John Adams says in his "The Students' Guide;" "Students are very apt to point out how many hours they study per day. But this is meaningless unless we understand what kind of study it has been." There is indeed a vital difference between real study and just sitting over books. Real, unremitting concentration denoting real, unremitting attention without any lapses into "wool-gathering" is an extremely difficult feat to accomplish. Attention is so readily distracted.

This being the case, it is of fundamental importance that the student should do what he can to make his attention more fixed, his lapses into wool-gathering less frequent.

Focussing Attention. In the first place it may be categorically asserted that just to sit and read a textbook is bad from the viewpoint of focussing attention. Wandering wits become facilitated by so doing. To consider a minor point, why sit all the time? It is very helpful to take a turn up and down the room, book in hand, every now and then. Sitting is not especially conducive to

alertness—the body is inclined to become too comfortable and few things help to make for "wool-gathering" more than that. The occasional pacing up and down prevents the body from lapsing into that too much comfortable state and thus becomes a positive aid to attention.

But most study must be done sitting. And the sovereign precaution is not only to read but to take notes. Reading seldom produces the best results in learning: the combination of reading and note-taking produces far better. For the act of taking notes does four very definite things: it introduces a slight change periodically into the focus of attention, thus producing variation without loss of concentration; it eliminates reading without the mind making any effort to understand for the notes must be, at least to some degree, coherent; it introduces another learning sense, the tactile, to help the visual, in other words the matter is learned through two avenues instead of one, a distinct gain to assimilation; and it means that the mind must classify the matter read into important and less important, a process which is greatly helped if the student will get into the very desirable habit of arranging his notes into headings and sub-headings, making plentiful use of insettings and underlinings. Note-taking is the best fixer of attention open to the student. It keeps the mind on the grindstone, so to speak.

Reading and Note-Taking

Sound advice to give the student desirous of learning to the fullest possible extent, desirous of making his study periods as fruitful as may be, is that he should stop trying to study by reading a textbook alone and should substitute

for that method the combined reading and note-taking method. This advice may be regarded as elementary, but it is advice that practical experience of many students has shown to make, if adopted,

a really amazing difference to the amount learned, and not only to the amount but also to the power of retention.

An Abstract.
N. Sellars.



POOR FISH?

I wish I were a goldfish
What hadn't any mind!
I'd grin from gill to gill, before,
And wag my tail behind!

I wouldn't have a nose at all,
So wouldn't have to blow it!
And if I blushed, nobody'd know
Because I wouldn't show it!

I wouldn't have to comb my hair,
Nor clean my teeth and nails;
The only job I'd have to do
Is finnicure my tails.

Dressmakers could not make me stand
And stick me full of pins;
The only draperies I would wear
Would be my graceful fins.

I wouldn't worry over food,
I'd eat moss by the bale,
For I could regulate my weight
On my own private scale.

And since I love to travel,
I'd swim around the globe;
I wouldn't have to wear a hat,
Nor take a steamer robe.
Dangers cruel I need not fear.
In the bowl where I'd abide—
Less I were eaten by the cat
Or by mistake got fried.

If frying pan should be my fate,
I'd sizzle out in peace—
I'd follow right good company,
For Byron died in Greece.

And if by puss I should get caught,
And swallowed down inside,
She'd mew "In peace requiescat
To mark the place I died.

Cheer up, get glad, then smile awhile
And make life seem more sunny.
Don't ramble round lookin' like
You owed yourself some money!

HOW PRINTER MIXED WEDDING

A compositor in the Bangor News a day or two ago got a wedding story and an auction sale notice hopelessly mixed up, with the following result—

William Smith, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph and Miss Lucy Anderson were disposed of at a public auction at my farm, one mile east, in the presence of about seventy guests, including two mules and twelve head of cattle. Rev. Jackson tied the nuptial knot for the parties averaging fifteen hundred pounds on the hoof. The home of the bride was decorated with one sulky rake, one feed grinder, two sets of harness, nearly new, and just. The ceremony was pronounced the Mendal and Sons wedding march was rendered by one milch cow, five years, old, one Jersey cow and one sheep, who, carrying a bunch of bridal roses in her hand, was very beautiful. She wore one light spring wagon, two crates of apples, three sacks of hay, one grindstone of mouseline de soie and trimmings with about one hundred bushels of spuds. The bridal couple left yesterday on an extended trip. Terms, spot-cash.

Conductor—"Your fare, miss."

Miss—"Do you really think so?"

SAY IT WITH MUSIC

The House Committee—"I had Someone Else Before I Had You."

The Student's Council—"Cheating on Me."

The Athletic Association—"Go Slow -- and Easy."

Wallie—"Dream Daddy."

Fanny—"Me and My Boy Friend."

Ruth—"Let me Linger Longer in Your Arms."

Carmel—"Hard Hearted Hannah."

David—"No—no Nora."

Marion T.—"California, Here I Come."

I met your room mate last night and she looked exactly like you.

She ought to. She was wearing all my clothes.

De Omnibus Rebus

Things we want to know—

Why did certain Seniors quail on Sunday morning?

If three of the Senior "Ads" have joined the camp-fire girls?

If a B. H. S. after one's name isn't as good as a Mrs. or M. A. before it?

How is a girl supposed to "mentally and morally" train her husband?



THE MAN WHO WOULDN'T DRINK

He was a good boy, a virtuous boy, a conscientious boy, was Chub. He didn't smoke, chew, swear, fight, gamble or steal, and had signed each and every temperance pledge offered him since childhood by well-meaning maiden aunts. He was a good boy was Chub, and conscientious.

But we feared for his innocence when he accompanied us last summer to Paris, where champagne on ice is served for forty cents a bottle, and where women and song abound to complete the famous trio. Several days we followed him eagle-eyed without discovering a flaw in his iron resolution. Thinking himself unnoticed one evening, he slipped into an estaminet and we watched him ordering a sundae, a dwarf portion of ice-cream was smothered in cherry brandy, crème de menthe, Benedictine, and many liqueurs that we, connoisseurs, failed to recognize. And he ate it with a spoon! We watched him.

But he would *not* drink—not him. He was a good boy, was Chub—a virtuous boy, a conscientious boy.

Miss Bellis—at end of lecture—"A minute, please, don't pass out just yet girls."

An absent minded (not professor this time) business man left his office, pinning a sign on the door "Will be back at four o'clock." Before he got far down the street he found he'd left his watch behind. So he went back, saw the notice on the door and—sat down to wait until four o'clock.

"A Late Maiden" by Mister Bell.

GENERAL HUMMERS

Miss B—b:—(demonstrating to Junior Ads the necessity of step and time saving) "Where would you keep the egg beater Miss C——ier?"

Miss C—"Near the eggs."

Remark——Flat—eh?

What Brooks would like to know — "Why three Junior Ads sang, going late to Chemistry Class one afternoon?"

What Dr. McCarthy would like to know—

Why they came?? (So would we!)

"Wally" Walker has developed his powers of observation considerably in the Poultry Selective Option as his latest story shows:

"A rooster by perseverance rolled an ostrich egg into the College chicken yard. He called the hens and said: "Now I'm not casting any insinuations or reproaching any of you hens but I just want you to see what is being done in other places.'"

Patronising Senior—"How do you like my room, as a whole?"

Freshman—"As a hole it's fine, as a room—not so good."

Things might be worse. Suppose Mr. Ford had gone in for the quantity production of popular-priced saxophones?

Minister—"But why are you calling your new baby Opium, Mammy?"

Mammy—"Well, suh, dey say dat opium comes from de wild poppy, an dis chile's poppy sho am wild."

The professor had written on the back of a student's paper:

"Please write more legibly."

The next day the student went to the desk and asked:

"Professor, what is that you wrote on the back of my theme?"

Johnny hesitated when his teacher called on him to recite.

The teacher, who wished to cure pupils of bluffing, said to him:

"John, what would you call a person who pretends to know everything?"

Johnny (immediately) —Why, a teacher, of course.

IT HAS MANY POSSIBILITIES BEFORE IT

When the cotton plant is growing "way down South in the cottonfields," it doesn't know whether it is going to be a bottle of olive oil, a pail of lard or a pair of silk stockings. — Minneapolis Journal.

A New Spoke in the Hub

The first day at school a little girl presented herself who looked very much like a true daughter of Italy.

"You're an Italian?" asked the teacher.

"No'm," was the astonishing reply.

"But wasn't your father born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"And wasn't your mother born in Italy?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, you must be an Italian."

"No'm," she answered. "I'm Irish. I was born in Boston."—Open Road.

We had a big wooden wedding at our house last week—my sister married a blockhead!

The Question of Opposites

The teacher was giving a drill in the meaning of words and their opposites.

"Now tell me," she began, "what is the opposite of misery?"

"Happiness," said the class in unison.

"And sadness?" she asked.

"Gladness."

"And the opposite of woe?"

"Giddap," shouted the enthusiastic class.—Exchange.

A Puzzle

Father Duffy, according to the New York World, told this after-dinner story:

"An old sexton asked me, 'Father, weren't the Apostles Jews?'"

"I said they were. Puzzled, he demanded: 'Then how the deuce did the Jews let go of a good thing like the Catholic Church and let the Eyetalians grab it?'"

Abie: "Mama, vat do cows lie on?"

Mama: "Fodder, Abie."

Abie: "Oi, I didn't think paper was so generous!"—William's Purple Cow.

Her Revised Grammar

Teacher was endeavoring to make clear to the youngsters the grammatical tenses.

"My father had money," she said, "is in the past tense. Now, Grace, what tense would you be employing if you say, 'My father has money?'"

"That would be pretense," said Grace very soberly.

One Drawback

"Is your husband a good provider, Dinah?"

"Yessum, he's a good providah all right, but I's allus skeered dat niggah's gwine ter git caught at it."

O. E. R. Bulletin.

Soph.—“I didn't get much sleep last night.”

Frosh.—“What was the matter?”

Soph.—“The blind was up.”

Frosh.—“Why didn't you pull it down?”

Soph.—“I couldn't reach across the oval.”

Prof.—“What is the main use of anti-mony?”

Stude.—“For playing poker, sir.”

Ain't Nature Grand

She.—“Can you tell me why a black cow gives white milk that makes yellow butter?”

He.—“For the same reason that blackberries are red when they are green.”

They had a wonderful party at the Club and when it was through—

Just glancing down the hall I saw them

Marching stew by stew!

Business Man (to applicant)—I am inclined to give you the position if you understand double-entry bookkeeping.

Applicant—I do that! Why, at my last place I had to do a triple-double-entry, a set for the active partner, showing the real profit, a set for the sleeping partner showing small profits, and a set for the income tax officials, showing no profits.

“Hey you! Watcha in such a hurry for?”

“Goin' tuh work.”

“Well, what's de rush?”

“Got 4,000 men under me, an' I gotta get to work.”

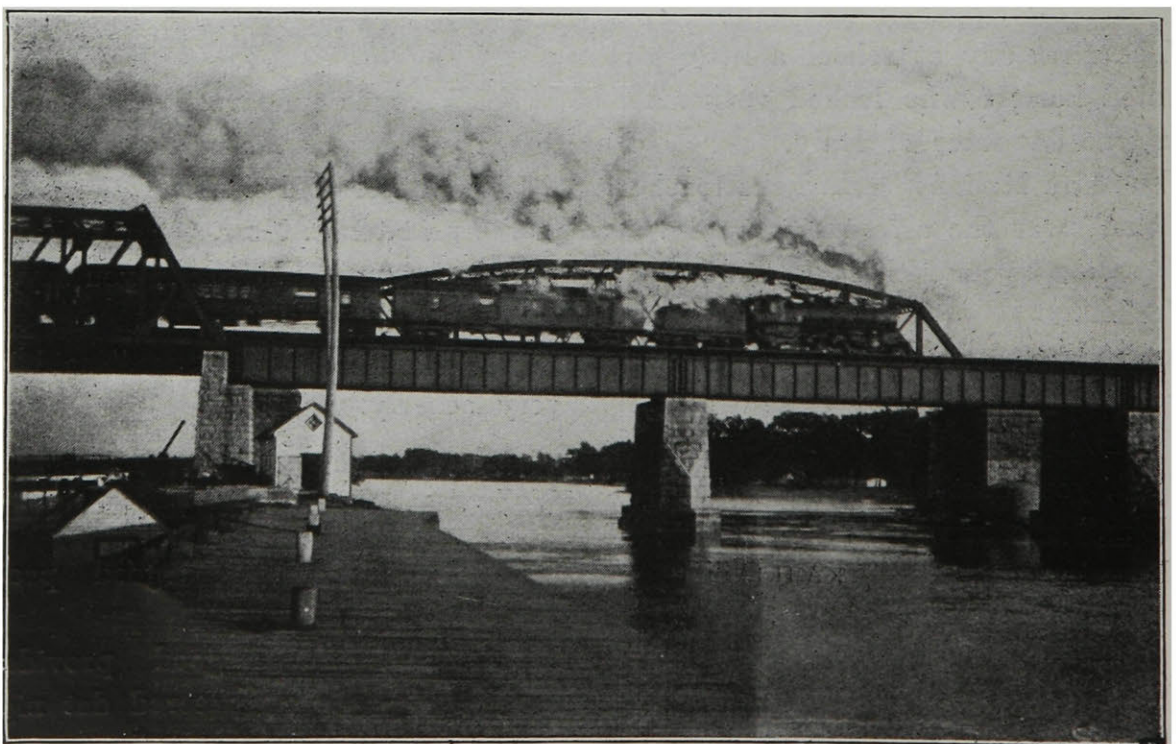
“Man you got some job. Where do you work?”

“I'se night watchman in a cemetery!”

Jones (trying to sleep): “What's that guy playing next door?”

Wife: “That's a baby saxophone.”

Jones: “Well it will be an orphan if he doesn't stop soon.”—Ex.



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WHO SAYS:

the fundamental truths?
 not less than 12 inches from the ground?
 all things being equal?
 take your finger out of your mouth?
 well, little girl?
 friendly but not intimate?
 Clarendon?
 Ho,' that bow-tie?
 interesting and artishtic?
 is the mail in yet?
 Jack! Where's the mouse?
 Oh Min! Get me a glass of water?
 don't you know that the last bell has
 rung?

SCHOOL BOARD WISDOM

Teacher—Who signed the Magna
 Charta?
 Youngster—Please, ma'am, 'twasn't me.
 Teacher (disgustedly)—Oh, take your
 seat.
 Skeptical Member of School Board —
 Here, call that boy back. I don't like his
 looks. I believe he did do it.

At last we have found the laziest col-
 lege student—the one who pastes his
 time table on the ceiling above his bed,
 so that without raising his head he can
 see whether he has to get up for a "nine
 o'clock" or not.

"MACDONALD"

"Macdonald! Macdonald! Yes, we are Macdonald!

Nothing element'ry, no m'am!

Skirts short and we're fond of sports

Always rough and ready, aye!

Smoking — is the thing — we never do

And we haven't any use for our professors!

Very, very seldom do we study

Never in a flurry,

We're Macdonald! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Misses A. Stroud, P. Ayerst, A. Steven.



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1. Whenever possible copy should be typewritten; when this is not possible, a large, clear, handwriting should be adopted.
2. All copy should be written (or typed) upon *one* side of the paper *only*. An ample margin should be left at the top and bottom and on either side of the page. Double spacing should be adopted — that is to say alternate lines should be left blank.
3. The pages of the manuscript should be pinned together in the top left-hand corner and then folded lengthwise with the writing inside. On the outside of the folded manuscript — that is to say, on the back of the last page — the author should write his or her name together with the title of the “story” and a rough estimate of the number of words.
4. All words liable to be misread — *e. g.*, proper names, foreign phrases, etc., — should be written in BLOCK CAPITALS.
5. Attention is to be paid to mechanical correctness, punctuation and spelling. In order to secure uniformity throughout the magazine, the English form of spelling should be used. — That is to say, the forms “thru,” “askt,” “favor” for “through,” “asked,” and “favour” are to be avoided.
6. Authors who desire their copy to be returned to them after the publication of the magazine should add a note to that effect on the outside of the manuscript. The Editor will only be responsible for manuscripts so labelled.

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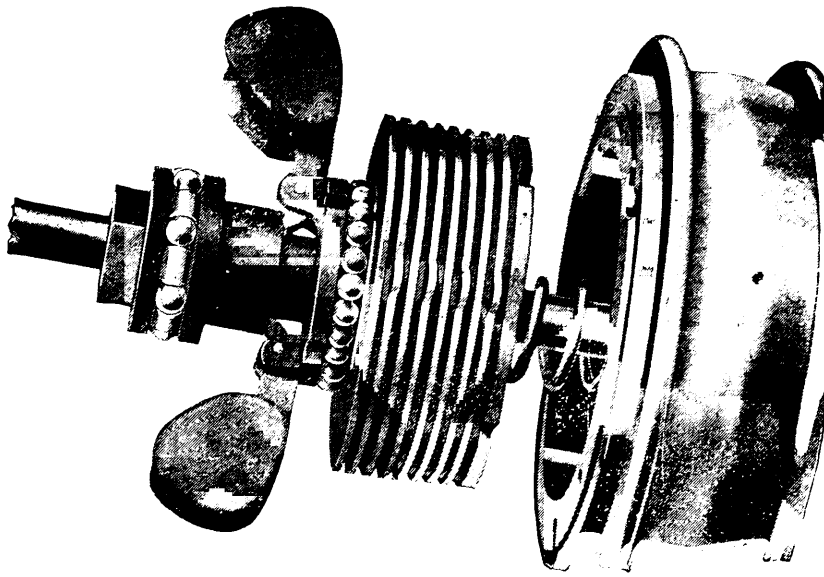
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